

Understanding and remaking the real Robert Stanfield
K. C. Irving: An intimate look at our own Howard Hughes
Understanding and remaking the new Canadian money

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Macleans



What Upper Canada has done to Anne Murray

ONE VIEW OF OTTAWA

BY ABRAHAM ROTSTEIN

The secret of the Trudeau administration is creating a stable economy in a strange assortment of failures, misjudgments and the odd success. As much as any other administration before it, the Trudeau government is devoted to the overall approach of "muddling through." They have failed to look beyond their noses and consequently have had no real plans made for many of the problems that have hit us. For example, Ron's speech of August 15, and his later promises to increase production in the U.S. rather than abroad revealed that our government had, in effect, regarded any such developments as beyond the realm of possibility. Every one in Ottawa scrambled to produce instant "plans" because they felt nothing else, in coping with inflation, fear, added to a sense of helplessness, could do us much good in dumping down the economy and seriously aggravated our unemployment problem. For a year Edgar Benson stomped on unemployment while he was getting heavy brakes on the economy. Meanwhile, Pierre Trudeau improved gloriously in talking as the only alternative to the present unemployment was social unemployment if we dared to question the government's priority of fighting inflation first.

It's worse under the bridge now, but no sensible person can avoid the conclusion that fighting inflation with unemployment was a costly blunder. Besides the lack of jobs and the ensuing human misery, we've lost about three or five billion dollars annually in goods and services that would have been produced by a full-employment economy.

The most important analysis of the state underlying our ailing economy is still being ignored by the government. If we continue on our present path, the Source Council of Canada warns: *Canada's economy in this decade will increasingly become dependent on the resource and service industries. Resource industries offer limited opportunities for employment, particularly south of their profit lines, and remain in Canada. The loss of funds out of the country is likely to slow the growth of our service industries, which we badly need in any case to use the very people in whose our most substantial educational investments have been made. Our participation in international trade will become less and less significant and we will become — once again — a totally dependent of the western world on the North American continent.*

A significant reorientation of the economy is required if we are to expand our secondary manufacturing — the sector where the jobs are to be found. A billion dollars of exports of manufactured goods, for example, contains about \$250 million in salaries and wages, while a billion dollars of exports of resources pays only \$60 million in salaries and wages. In other words, in Eric Kierme has pointed out, we can create about four times as much employment in outching our emphasis to manufacturing rather than natural resources

for the same value of production. Recalling as well that the oil, gas and mining companies have great depletion allowances, which reduce their taxes to trivial sums, it's hard to see why we persist in the old patterns. But the government remains stubborn. Meanwhile, unemployment rates have fluctuated from about 5.8% to 7.7% and the outlook is for an overall rate of 9.5% to 6% in 1972. Our record is the worst of any major industrialized country and is not eased by talk of high "participation rates" of young people in the work force. They didn't suddenly materialize from nowhere and some forward planning would have given us a hint for a more substantial approach to the issue.

There are, however, a few glimmers in the government side. The Opportunities For Youth program, for example, which led on to the Local Initiatives Program may be the most important. The government stumbled into G.P.Y. when other techniques of solving the unemployment problem gave out. This unconventional approach began to pay off, politically as well as in the number of jobs created — about 30,000 under the Local Initiatives Program, for example.

The record is positive on other major government initiatives. Nine years of the Carter Commission's work on tax reform largely went down the drain mainly because the business lobby prevented the prospect of taxing everybody's dollar equally. The government ended up, tried to incorporate a lot of business proposals for the new tax system, gave the oil and gas lobby a further reprieve on their never-ending tax holiday — and then produced a bill which was a shade of red tape. Business went back down in slopping about all the major planks of the new tax program, but nevertheless still felt hard done by. And the rest of us lost an excellent tax reform program.

Much the same story was repeated with Ron Baskin's Competition bill. This was assigned, among other things to give the consumer some protection against false warranties claims, promotional "coupons" and the first foot work of door-to-door salesmen. The major provision of the bill was a Competitive Practices Tribunal to regulate printers and discounters agreements. Once upon the government returned before the business lobby and a watered-down version of the bill is in preparation.

The new Labor Code (C252) is enjoying a similar fate. The provision to give labor a voice in planning for technological change received the strict response of the business community that it was "interfered with by imposing ladder-like conduct and removing featherbedding." So, in spite of having cried on all the way, the government still has a bad struggle with business and nothing much to offer the rest of us for all its extensive efforts at important economic reforms.

If you think that this is an exaggerated suspicion, then consider the fate of the foreign investment legislation. Ben Wain's report on foreign investment put out by the Committee on Defense and External Affairs in August 1970 was given short shrift by the cabinet and Herb Grey's report on the problems of foreign ownership is likely to be selectively watered down from the original version.

The record of Trudeau's Liberals is hardly inspiring and voters should be asking themselves whether they want more of the same. I don't. ■

Abraham Rotstein teaches economics at the University of Toronto

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THE VIEW FROM THE YUKON

BY BRIAN MARTIN

My Canada's quiet. I thought you might like to know that. Maybe you don't. But for some months now you've been reading about other people's Canada. Many of those other people have been well-known actors or writers. I live in Yukon Territory and a quick glance around me shows me the automatic is definitely on the short side when it comes to well-known actors or writers. So I thought I'd fill in. I hope you don't mind.

There is a country up here — in the territories and on the top side of most of the provinces — where sometimes it seems Canada doesn't exist. When I was young and it was winter I'd be in bed and listen to the radio. And I got the impression Canada was just a voice outside when it was dark. And the voice would say, "This has been a CBC Toronto production." I would think of the voice, and sometimes I'd wonder what it was like in that other world — the one where the voice lived. And sometimes I would wonder whether the voice was tall or whether it was short and fat. Sometimes I wondered if the voice had a car. And sometimes I'd not often. Not for long. Not at first.

Then I grew up. And because homebase is too small when you're growing up, I went off to find the voice. I didn't have to look very hard. I knew it lived in Toronto. But what was a Toronto? What did it look like? Did it smell as petrichor in the spring as the North does? Did it try to tell you in January? Did people drive pickup trucks in Toronto?

Don't laugh, I'm not trying to be funny.

I found Toronto. And it didn't smell good at any time, not alone in the spring. And it tried to tell me all the time not to go in January.

I loved it. I didn't have to be in bed and listen to the voice. I could look at it. I could stand up and about right back at it. I met other voices. I met Montreal — I found her living just up the road from Toronto. That's it was not in Winnipeg and on to Vancouver. Along the length of Vancouver Island, the point into the Cariboo country, back to the Prairies — Calgary and Edmonton. It was an age of people and cities and big buildings. Tall buildings with cones trapped and hammered into the dusty and wintry-grey halls between them. Lots of noise. Rains and brags. Struts. A lifetime of quiet country shattered. Intensely, intensely shattered. Blasted.

It stopped. No dramas. No sad love affair. No little poor boy caught in the snare of the big city. I was sitting at the desk of the Calgary Herald, where I was working, and I decided to go home. I left for the Yukon immediately.

It's two years later now and I at last know why I came home because my Canada is a private Canada. It's a Canada where I can stop my act, dead, in the highway and enjoy "my country." And I won't be in anybody's way. It's a Can-

ada where my job is secondary. I'm here because I want to be here. That's a tremendous feeling. If I get tired I won't go somewhere else looking for work. I'll stay here. And I'll survive.

The tallest mountains in Canada are in Yukon Territory. I'll bet you didn't know that, did you? Mountains are only big when you sit for hours and look at them. Mountains are supposed to be looked at that way. What other possible use do they have? Try sitting in Banff for hours. Some tourist will drive a camper truck right over your toes. Sleep — all 10 of them.

And my Canada is a private Canada because in the North we have the smallest population of any area in the country. Yukon Territory has 30,000 humans spread over an area larger than California. That gives everybody lots of room. And most humans are creatures who should be given lots of room.

The clear, knife-sharp silence of Canada's North often frightens first-time visitors. They come, many of them, from big cities thousands of miles away in the United States or in Ontario. They say they are looking for a place to get away from it all. To beat the rat race. You've heard all the clichés, probably more often than I. They say all that. But nightfall finds them wide-eyed, making it as quickly as they can toward the security of what few towns we have. And, when by chance they find themselves caught overnight away from town, you can see their looking the doors of their miniature holiday trailers.

Against what? Against all that nothing. Against that awful quiet. The quiet that can be deafening.

Consider that. We now have an entire generation that has grown to be surrounded by a constant din. Washing machines, lifting trucks, jet planes overhead and road-hour traffic outside. Background noise is a complete rule of people. When it's removed, they're confused. Like the cowboy who stops singing when the vacuum cleaner's suddenly turned off. I find that sad.

When I started this I said that for northern Canada there just wasn't much to drink. Can you begin to see what I meant? So much that has come to symbolize Canada has yet to see this far. The highways, the ugly concrete freeways, the stretch and come that see the side effects of urban Canada. We don't have these. And we don't have the advantages they can bring. I know that. And I people like me can hope to keep the north country underpopulated and quiet forever. I know that well we can't drive in states and call two transverse signs on the Alaska Highway or on the Mackinac Highway. That would be negative and that would be self-defeating. Instead, I very much want Canadians — northerners and southerners — to be aware of what exists up here. I want them to stop and remember that a third of their country has worth of the 60th parallel. Canadians have had over a century to experiment in nation-building. Now they can apply what they've learned. They can build a northern nation, avoiding the pitfalls they stumbled on in the south. They're very lucky. Not many people on Planet Earth have a chance to try again.

For now? For now, it's not complaining. It's the curve Yukon Territory there are only two stoplights. On good days they don't work. ■

Brian Martin is a Whitehorse free-lance writer.



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THE VIEW FROM QUEBEC

BY ANN CHARNEY

The Town of Mount Royal, in Prime Minister Pierre Trudeau's home riding, is one of Montreal's most prosperous neighborhoods. It is locally referred to as "The Town" or "Westmount's little brother," and its residents are proud of their community. Even on a gray winter's day, when the bleakness of other parts of the city is echoed in slush and gray snow, the houses in the town manage to evoke images of prosperity and prosperity. It is not a likely setting for peace or for murder.

Yet I'm on my way to talk to a man called Victor T. Podd, an attorney and a former president of the Mount Royal Property Owners Association, whose name has recently appeared in newspapers across the country. Podd has been located in the town of Westmount, where calls and hints follow. All this because Podd, a former director of the Mount Royal Liberal Association, chairman of Trudeau's publicity committee in the 1965 election, and a member of the Mount Royal fund-raising committee in 1968, has switched his allegiance to the Progress Conservative Party because of a "loss of confidence" in his MP, Pierre Trudeau.

Podd, here for lunch from his job as a sales executive, shows me the town. He's a cordial, well-spoken man who shows no sign of feeling toward his former political associates. I mention to him the trouble I had giving his telephone number to his former colleagues, and that I was told, with great emphasis, that Victor Podd had never been a member of the executive of the Mount Royal Liberal Association.

"I'm amazed," he smiles. "I've been a Liberal Party member all my life. This disavows having been on the board of directors and the executive is just a way of downgrading my decision. It doesn't bother me. Even a two-dollar member should have a say."

It became disenchanted about a year ago. No, it was not any one thing in particular but a general feeling of disappointment with what is happening to Canada under Trudeau. The government's tax reform legislation was a key to my final disillusionment. More than anything I'm disturbed by the economic situation, the unemployment and inflation, and the unfavorable climate for business. After I'm upset by the economic situation in which bilingualism is handled across Canada.

There is nothing personal in this decision, I repeat. Trudeau is a man. But I cannot go along with policies that discourage racial/ethnic development. After all, we're a young country that needs additional expression and a positive atti-

tude toward business. Instead, this society is caught in the vice of incompetent government policies and lack of planning. I feel very strongly that what Trudeau is doing is not in the interests of the people in Canada. We have moved without reason or planning into an area where free enterprise is severely limited and claims toward greater social responsibilities are not substantiated by facts.

As Podd continues to elaborate his conservative position, one begins to wonder whether all existing political parties would not turn out to be somewhat to the left of him, the Conservatives as much as the Liberals. This is particularly evident when we come to the matter of bilingualism. Podd's comments on this subject are of the kind that have recently embroiled Robert Stanfield and had his upspringing during a protestation visit to Quebec. Podd believes that the Trudeau government favors the French language and is not interested in protecting the English language in Quebec. As an example, he mentions Ottawa's attitude to the language situation in New Brunswick.

Look at Gérard Pelletier, blazing away at the mayor of Montreal because he won't give in to the demands for more French. But there is no criticism of what's going on in Quebec. Like what? Well, the Trans-Canada Highway, for example, is subsidized by federal funds, but in Quebec the signs are all in French. They're advocating bilingualism across Canada but they are not enforcing it in Quebec.

I ask Podd who was born in Montreal, whether he speaks French. "I understand it. I used to be bilingual," he replies, "but I lived in Toronto for a while. I didn't use it there and I don't get much opportunity to use it now in Quebec. In my business it's mostly English that counts."

I point out what seems to me an obvious contradiction: if Podd can live and work in Montreal without ever really being forced to use French, while his French counterpart could not manage even for an hour anywhere outside of Quebec, where the English wouldn't it mean that there is a very little cause for alarm for the English language in Quebec?

Podd does not see it this way. From his vantage point in Mount Royal, where the English-French race is more or less one, he sees no need for making any concessions to Quebec nationalism. In his view the government "is doing nothing to discourage the trend toward French nationalism."

Before the interview ends he reminds me that this riding has not elected a Tory since 1935. Yes, I agree, one cannot readily accuse him of political opportunism in his shift. There is no doubt that he sincerely believes the views he has just expounded to me. As I leave the Town, I realize that many of his neighbors probably share his political outlook.

But Trudeau's reelection in this riding is not in question. Podd's decision may be interesting as it is new right but it is no threat. In fact it may even enhance Trudeau's position by creating a false sense of polarity. The illusion of alternatives, the notion of choice, as essential to curing growing public cynicism are built on illusions such as this one. But the real opposition is yet to be heard from in Quebec. It seems very unlikely that it will emerge in a progressive and predominantly English-speaking community such as the Prime Minister's riding. ■

Ann Charney is a Montreal free-lance writer.

THE ILLUSION OF ALTERNATIVES AND THE NOTION OF CHOICE



Victor Podd



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YOUR VIEW

So now we have *The New Muslims* (March) — so to what's new about it? We've always had bullets and tough guys — who tell they have to prove their "masculinity" by showing people around.

"Racismism" may delight the dickheads in their coops, but no real hater-to-God woman is going to be very impressed by all your silly strutting and prancing and clucking at the tail with razor-sharp talons or spurs (or whatever), to leave the roosters in the barnyard where they belong. Idiots, and you'll be smooched together with in *Homoity*!

What if you think Women's Lib is about? We're not goddits, we're people — or haven't you belated to notice? Take another look.

DAVE WELLS ACOTT, PENNORA, ALTA.

Balanced statements

I congratulate Peter C. Newman on his excellent and interesting stories about *The Bankers* (February and March). Usually I find reading about banks and finance ventures very boring. These were interestingly interesting. Keep up your wonderful work.

WHS. EMMA PARROTT, MONTREAL.

* Not being a financial wizard, but hopefully capable of basic logic, I must stand your stories on *The Bankers* (February and March), as most misguided.

You state that those brilliant men make no judgments on "national interest" and make loans to subsidiaries of foreign corporations, and I swear they are aware of the "takeovers" of Canadian industry and should be aware of the exceptional growth of overseas capital. Thus you say they obtain their charter of operation from the government of a sovereign nation (leaving aside any personal opinions that governments are elected and defeated by these same captains of industry through political contributions).

Then tell me, where will these same men obtain their charter when, due to the growth of foreign capital, Canada

becomes a wholly owned subsidiary and the foreign power dissolves that nation's parliament as irrelevant because Canada is just another state? Possibly some critics are already talking to the Federal Reserve Board about obtaining a new charter or maybe my suggestions are incorrect.

It is my humble opinion that anyone vented with the obvious power bank directors have, who care so little about Canadian citizenship should lose that citizenship immediately, while we try to straighten out our national economy left in its present state by the dominant "profit only" approach practised by these giants.

NEW ALLAN BARNES HOTEL, BC.

Two solitudes

I am writing in response to Heather Robertson's March television column. In reference to *The Whiteside of John* she stated that "it's a bore" and I disagree with her. As a student, I have found the show to be most enjoyable and also helpful in understanding life at the beginning of the century, as I did not live at that time. I think the "living back and forth" between the years adds more appeal to the show. I would also like to comment that Heather Robertson did not have one good word for the show. Completely condemning the production, in my opinion, is not giving much encouragement for future Canadian productions.

SEANAGHTEEN BOHE, STAFFORD, ONT.

* I have been mulling in my brain for some time as well as sounding out my friends as to what John is all about. The result appears that we all into the "I guess it must be latter group."

Thank you for Heather Robertson's *John Is Like The Turner* — Television (March) — she said it for me and by better. We Canadians love to suffer but the Turner in this case should be allowed to sink. I am sorry that the CBC could not format it.

FRANK S. BAKER, COPPER CREEK, ONT.

It takes true grit

Patrick Watson's *Five Frows Grains* (March) has conclusively and with solemn eloquence and the progressive Parliament Hill bullfights in proper perspective. When Prime Minister Trudeau called the opponents of the War Measures Act "weak-kneed blood-suckers" he was really displaying the norm of your average "Ottawa Cool Tripper." Yet Frows himself has

trouble mistaking the calm ways of the liberal. Watson has shown to all what disparaging acts are rightly attributed to the often modern liberal. We are no longer mind-lumpers with society, but have it over — not upside down but right side up. We need a revolutionary leader, one with credibility in this incredible setting. Not a radical who says "damn the cost" but an innovator who says "bustle the Liberals." The Ottawa Cool Tripper and the Liberals who have given them their means for survival must be thrown out. Shake them up. Our civil service and the government it is responsible to must go. We need a "revolution" or "to hell with it." But not in the spirit of Abbie Hoffman, rather in the spirit of democratic justice. If we had a just society now, even, would it be cool, but in words, whole as the last four years of this country. Remember, even savers such as the Beatles only lived to power four years. Forewell, Trudeau. After all, you don't need to worry about losing your job at the next election (which you will lose) for "these things do happen."

MIKE STEADMAN, TORONTO

River of no return

Jack Lushby's article, *Flow River To Go Home Again* (March), was an interesting account of the Winnipeg he knew in 1945. In the meantime Winnipeg has grown into a modern modern-sized city with excellent restaurants, sports and recreational facilities. Lushby was not just selling his impression of the Winnipeg he knew, he was selling his old hometown down the river.

RUSSELL J. GORDON, MEMBER OF PARLIAMENT, WINNIPEG

Peter Thomson

I can well understand Peter Thomson's unhappiness — *Yankee View* (February) — with the reference to him in the article about me by Alan Phillips — *Mr. Clean Is A Canadian* (November). I, too, was sorry to see that and certainly nothing I said to the author was intended to hurt or embarrass Thomson.

But while journalistic over-simplification and dramatization are due me to some misleading impression, even in an article which was generally as well-researched and well-written as the Phillips one, it was not nearly so involving in its account of my relationship with Oliver Goodwin as the Phillips one. I am, of course, presented in / continued on page 12

For those who select their pleasures with care

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Your View continued / Thomson's letter. Indeed, Thomson's "idea" and his interpretation of it are so interesting for what they stand for, for what they desire, as, for example, in respect of my income where he cites only my compensation from Power Corporation and not from the various companies of which I was an officer and/or director.

But the financial details are transparent and although there is certainly no mystery about them I have always been unhappy with the emphasis placed in the press on this aspect of my move into public service. It depletes and have consequently tried to discourage the suggestion that my move from private business to public service was a "financial sacrifice," as I have never regarded it in this light. Neither the sacrifice nor rewards of public service can be measured in financial terms. I entered public life because I wanted to read history in it because I like it.

As to the other point referred to in Peter Thomson's letter, the dull record is well known to all those involved and accessible to anyone concerned with these matters.

MAURICE F. THOMSON, SECRETARY-GENERAL, UNITED NATIONS CONFERENCE ON THE HUMAN ENVIRONMENT

Shame on you

How Angry Beavers wishes her article in its extreme unpopularity to me — *The Transformation Of Anne Long Of Gordon's Reach BC* (March). But I am concerned about the well-being of her child. I suspect that the world will always be littered with the ultimate in selfish beings — the "I'm all right Jack" types — but pity their progeny.

MR. ELIZABETH HEVE, WILLOWBRO, BC

We are everywhere

I was absolutely amazed to read Peter C. Newman's March Kenton article — *Mumc* (March) — as surprised because I had grown to believe that it was the only hidebound fly-by-night of Kenton left in this part of the country. His article, however, has brought many more similarly afflicted Kentons out of the musical woodwork.

In the past few years, being an avid listener to Kenton has been more or less in the same category as voting Social Credit or membership in lots of people do it but they'll very seldom talk about it. His article has given us all something that we can whip out of our pockets to back up our argument that "we are not alone."

chrems?" See? Peter Newman likes Steve Kenton! Such is the nature of his citizenship of Canada's very best magazine.

TOMMY BAKER, BIRMINGHAM

What cost, progress?

I have just completed my first reading of *History's Mockers*. I cannot tell you how pleased I was with it and how excellent I found it. It is difficult to single out any article as more excellent than the rest because of the diverse titles of your contributors.

Of course, everyone in me, have seen, was Harold Horwood's *Rolling On*, which expresses sentiments that are becoming increasingly prevalent in urban areas and provoke serious concern at the direction in which Canada is currently headed. Even those of us who deny strident urban alien can support neither the technological nightmare embodied in the United States nor the super-technological conclusions drawn therefrom by Alvin Toffler. The progress and concept of the multi-organizational corporations are led only toward an ever-worsening consumption of the natural resources of the world by the western nations at the expense of the vast majority of the world's population which, so far, suffers in silence.

To a certain extent, Horwood's article encompasses the above views, in a much more localized though no less important way. This article crystallized in my mind all the stray elements in everyday life which indicate how prevalent in Canada is the attitude that the runaway growth of the country must be a consideration which overrides the cost in human suffering and that economic surgery will cure all our national ills.

I do not view my sentiments as a petulant protest against the inevitable, but rather as a challenge to pause and protect the survival of human experience and to raise those things in our society which may always keep us aware of the variables and alternatives in life.

HOWARD JONES, CHATEAUGUAY, QUE.

You there, speak up

Congratulations to Ernie Fera for a superbly honest portrayal of Keith Spurr, Canada's language ombudsman — *How Goodie Krith* (March) — that also succeeds in focusing on the grave problems of bilingualism.

In a recent interview, Spurr casually qualified the teaching of second languages in Canada as a "vitalist disaster." An exaggeration? No. Rather,

it was the epitome of euphemisms.

While Canada's ombudsman and his staff are hard working busy ensuring that all levels of "bilingualism" measures are taken in both languages, the reality of Canada's language teaching goes unmentioned. Language teaching is in the mud of a face-lift. Sufficient portions of the education dollar are spent on language classes, sufficient time (seven to eight years in Ontario) is spent by significant numbers of students to warrant our society being semi-bilingual. In the age of media type, video tape, cassette, film, radio, TV, language labs and satellite, such results are inadmissible. Parents should be asking "why are we paying so much for such poor language instruction?" It is their priority for education against progress.

ERLON, HENRI, TORONTO

Just what you needed

From the many replies, it seems almost certain that the grading device I found in an old barn — *Year Five (March)* — is a measurement grader that was used around the turn of the century. Apparently, similar machines were imported from Holland and Germany 100 to 150 years ago. I'd like to thank everyone who wrote in with a *SLANDY*, PETER BORD, ONT.

Knocking the credle

I have just finished reading *Joe Hoffman's* review of *Course On Childhood* — *Films* (March) — which he used in a very immature way in a website for expressing his animosity toward "guppies." (What is a "guppy" any way?) His carping generalities are biased, inconsistent, and self-serving. He accuses the *Time* magazine with "Not used to you have a new or different idea. These kids aren't the creators of anything." If that is my criticism to criticize by then Hoffman is himself. (Diagnosing pretty easy when he has and has been said much better before, once by books like *Barthel W. Armstrong*. And who should look to be "impatient" it's hard to create anything new, much more so for a youth who has been mortally alive for only a few years and hasn't been exposed to enough influences yet to give depth and authenticity to his thoughts.

ROBERT MILES, VICTORIA

Down with the Canadian section of *Time* *Long Live Macdonald's*!

DAVID E. ASH, NAL, O'NE, QUE.

Ames

Ames with the Canadian section of *Time* *Long Live Macdonald's*!

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INSIDE MACLEAN'S

In our file of editors we've published there are a dozen smugled cars that lost 145 contributions from M. Grant O'Leary, starting in 1994 and ending in 1997. In this issue there is a piece called An Argument for Conservatism which marks Senator O'Leary's return to these pages after an absence of 25 years. Now that's far too long to be without the grand master of Canadian journalism and politics. Senator O'Leary is 83 now, so it was about time we settled our differences. For our part, his has not always been a political message we cared to entrust ourselves to (an economic nationalist "All they are a bunch of academics who've never had to meet a payroll, they don't know what they're talking about"). For his part, ours has not always been an editorial strategy he cared to have anything to do with. In fact, for the last few years Senator O'Leary had confused Maclean's a land of Phrybor in the northern world. "It was all set, that deal with Americanism," he says. "I wouldn't have been caught dead appearing in it." In sum, Maclean's and the senator were on altogether different trips. But when the editorial direction of this magazine changed a year ago, our paths crossed again. That was because one of the things we're trying to be now — an independent national platform for debate and opinion — is precisely one of the things Senator O'Leary thinks we should be trying to be. "This country has forgotten the meaning of dissent," he says. "If you say something critical of the country you're automatically a traitor. And the so-called independent newspapers haven't helped. What they really are is neutral — journalistic and political neutrality. Asked to stand up and be counted. This country isn't a lot when we lose the party press. They're stone their butt and make their argument; then you'd have some debate in the country. The party press sometimes at backed things with more vigor than sense, but people need to be stirred up and that's what they did. That's what Maclean's is starting to do, too. I think you're doing a damn good job now. Thank you, Senator and welcome back. After all, nobody around here has quoted Sir Francis Bacon as quoted by Arthur Schopenhauer (see page 22) for a long time — maybe even 25 years. ■

Discover Canada's incredible Island in the Pacific



Imagine digging for clams on vast uncrowded beaches. Soaring a King-size Tyro salmon. Savoring a scenic feast of towering mountains, evergreen forests and shimmering seas. Then, exploring Victoria, one of the most fascinating cities anywhere. These are just some of the pleasures of Vancouver Island — a vast green place that's just a short cruise from the British Columbia mainland. But a world apart in relaxing good times.

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JAMAICA



It costs nothing to look and we have so very much to look at. So much so, that as we say in Jamaica, "Your eyes will grow fat."

Look. Along the banks of the Great River near Montego Bay, breadfruit, mango, bamboo and giant fern gently swaying in the golden twilight.

Look. From 4,000 feet up in the misty Blue Mountains, down on Kingston, all in whites and pinks, shimmering by the sea.

Look. At the gingerbread houses in Lucea, peeking out from behind lushly flowered gardens gone mad with colour and scent.

Look. How the road bends around the seaside just before Port Maria, and how in the distance, mountains and jungle rush headlong down into the coves of Port Antonio.

Look. At Luminous Lagoon, near Falmouth. You won't believe it even after you've seen it. At night, stir the water and it glows. Fish make streaks of light as they flash beneath the surface.

Look. And listen to the banana boats loading in Oracabessa. And just a little west, near Ocho Rios, a road that once was



a river, winds for four exhilarating miles through Fern Gully. A tropical rain forest where the temperature is 10 degrees cooler, and the sun fights eternally to break through a natural ceiling of overhanging palms and ferns.

Look. There's nobody else around, just you and seven miles of unbroken, dazzling white beach at Negril, in the west.

Look. At orchids growing wild. (We have more than 200 varieties.) Butterflies. (We have the largest and smallest in the world.) Hummingbirds feeding on crimson hibiscus and honey-vines.

Look. Anywhere and everywhere over the length and breadth of our 4,000 square miles, and feast freely on the sights, sounds and smells that make it like no other island. Like no other country under the sun.

**These are plans that will put you in Jamaica between April 16 and Dec. 15 from \$289, including hotel for 15 days and 14 nights, (double occupancy) roundtrip airfare and transfers. Ask your travel agent (Pre-approval by Government approval.)*

FROM \$289*

RAY SMITH'S CANADA

Does anyone ever go out into the Ottawa dawn and see hope walking along the Rideau?

A quiz for you. What city am I writing about if I mention:

1. The Golden Gate Bridge
2. Central Park
3. The little mermaid in the harbor
4. St. Peter's
5. Unter den Linden
6. Puddington
7. Bourbon Street
8. O'Connell Street
9. The Beef Mch'
10. The Giza

The items are not the most obscure or famous of each city, nor are the cities the 10 greatest or most famous. But if you read books or go to movies or watch TV you should have been able to guess at least eight of the 10. Any

similar European or North American should also have done as well.

A second quiz, this time for Canadians only. How many can you put? More important, how many would a foreigner get?

1. Confederation Square
2. The Stampede
3. Citadel Hill
4. Jarvis Street
5. Signal Hill
6. The Lion's Gate Bridge
7. The Royal Vic
8. The Revereing Falls
9. The Revereing Falls
10. Thunder Bay

Foreigners first. A tourist might know Calgary for the Stampede or Saint John for the Revereing Falls. A sailor might know Citadel Hill or Signal Hill in Halifax, and St. John's. A doctor would probably know Montreal for the Royal Vic. And so on. All specific people who have a specific reason for knowing one or more of the cities, none could be identified by the average aware European or American.

How did you do? Such scores? Notice the problem I had in writing up the list. I was unable to find a suitable clue for Regina, Saskatoon or Edmonton and had to give you Calgary as a

gift. With number 10, I gave you the name of the city and I expect only a third of the readers got it even then. Point raised? Yes, Canada is not a very well-known country even to Canadians. Understandable, of course.

Canada is not a particularly important country, nor an old country, nor has it figured very prominently in the history of the past 100 years. Cuba, Spain, Ireland, Poland, Czechoslovakia, Israel are all more prominent. On the balance I hardly think we need cry them.

I am a fiction writer. What I have tried to show in these tests is that, if I want to write a story taking place in Canada, I have to spend a lot of time doing travelogue and scenery writing, something I loathe. It is bad enough that I have to do it when writing for foreigners, but I also have to do it for Canadians. Well the housewife in Saskatchewan, thank Signal Hill is in St. Francis? (She saw it on *Insanity*.) Or that Citadel Hill is in Quebec? ("I know my history, Wilkes troops climbed up in the Plains of Abraham.") Well she can't think the Royal Vic is a theatre? Or will I have to put any such and claim out such lies as

"Under the sheer canopy from of Mount Royal sits the famous hospital. On a winter night its battlements give it the appearance of a fairy castle. But inside the spireless corridors etc., etc., etc."

More! Royal sits the famous hospital. On a winter night its battlements give it the appearance of a fairy castle. But inside the spireless corridors etc., etc., etc."

But we appreciate my difficulties. But the problem has a larger dimension: assuming the reader either knows the place or accepts the writer's description, will he accept that certain sorts of scenery can take place there? For this I have another sort of quiz.

I. The hero is a young student whose soul is in a turbulent struggle with God and the Devil. He wonders through this continental night in the continental city. He stops at a cold and argues far into the night with other poor students about the great questions: good and evil, life and death. The passion of the argument wrecks their very souls, they go out into the St. Petersburg dawn and walk along the Neva. In the interim they seem to see hope.

A bit corny as I have done it, but a not inaccurate description of the sort of drama you find in Dostoevski's *Crook And Punishment*. Question: Could it take place in Ottawa? Answer: Didn't he die, he's too far away and a dark night of the soul in Ottawa.

2. Toward the end of the movie, Sheriff Buck Talbot opens the drawer of his desk. It runs there, cold and still in its holder, just as he left it 160 years ago, the day he . . . Never mind that. The plot is over. Does There's Mary Jo to think of. And Doc. And the good, honest folk of the town who depend on him. He reaches into the desk. Five minutes later he is walking toward the Red Garter Saloon where Luke Dalton stands. Waiting.

Question: Would you like to have your life's savings revealed in the picture of the real life of detective was "Your life's savings are almost up. Luke. You can't stay healthy in Moose Jaw."

Answer: Only if the alternative was Imperial Russian Government Roads.

3. I very much enjoy the thrillers of Eric Ambler, especially the ones from the Thirties that take place in Eastern Europe and the Balkans and include at least a chapter on the Great Express. So let's examine a plot outline for a thriller that takes place in Canada (White winter and where you know about.) I've chosen Ambler, but you are constant your own with any reputable or thriller conventions. Mine goes like this . . .

Lansner, an engineer in his early thirties, has just returned from several years on a Columbia Plan project. Expecting to find employees begging him to work for them, he lives on his savings until they are almost gone before realizing that the purposes phrase "anti-inflationary measures" might not apply to him. Desperate, he accepts a job as "technical consultant" to a curious little small-town firm in Elbowville. It is not until a week later that he realizes he is a salesman and has been hired because he naïvely pronounced the R in Elbowville.

His first assignment takes him east to Montreal and on to Halifax. On the Rapido, while passing Kingston, he goes for the second call for lunch and in the dining car finds himself tested with a mysterious and very beautiful woman. She wears a long black gown, smokes Turkish cigarettes (or Quebec-made Minors) and speaks with an accent that makes Zan Zan Gabor sound like Queen. / continued on page 44

Ray Smith is from Montreal. *Case History* has been chosen for the 1981 series, which have appeared in a variety of Canadian magazines and in *Antenna*, a collection of his short stories, edited by Gene Barlow in the thought-provoking story of *Canada*, was published by House of Anansi (Toronto) in 1980. He now lives in Montreal and is working on a novel.





Just what
the light drinker
ordered.

We blended it, and
mellowed it, and saved it
for the light drinker.
Then we put it in a
bottle that's as right for
the times as the whisky is.
Looks like there are
more light drinkers than
we thought.



Triple Crown.

Canadian Whisky by Gilbey.

CONSIDER THE ALTERNATIVE

BY HARRY BRUCE

His name is Robert Stanfield, he's from Truro, NS, and he grew up big in underwear

"Truro is a place of preeminent beauty, and while its blooming valley first burst on my eyes I thought of the words of St. John: 'I saw a new Heaven and a new earth.' I have conversed with travellers who have been in England, in the United States, and in Canada, who all declared that they had scarcely ever seen a more lovely spot than the Village of Truro."

— *The Memorials of the Reverend John Spence, in 1847*

Robert Larzer Stanfield was born here 67 years later — on April 11, 1914, to his great-grandfather — and by then the Village of Truro, no longer content to be merely a new Heaven and a new earth, was calling itself The Hub of the Province, and there were no fewer than 36 freight trains and 34 passenger trains entering in and out of town every single day and, if you chose not to believe the local boosters on that particular point, well, then you could go right on down to "one of the busiest railroad stations of any town along the line of the Intercolonial Railway"

and count the trains for yourself.

The railroad station was, as they say, more big and the ICR had built it to last, not of the kind of wood-iron. It had a dining room, a covered wooden counter of exceptional quality, an ample number of ice-cream chairs, plates of fruit and sugar buns under handsome glass bells, pot-plants of the very best kind, gorgeous silver cash registers, a sufficiency of spittoon and, sure, a man had only to go five miles into the 18th, to 14th all the more he could haul home, the Truro railroad station also had no fewer than 17 moonshiners on the walls. It was a pretty good railroad station, all right, and Truro was a pretty good town in which to find oneself suddenly alive, and named Stanfield.

Bob Stanfield's handovers made a statement about the people who lived there and the statement was that if men will only apply hard work, hard heads, horse sense and thrifty business practices they can arrange their corner of the world to suit themselves. / continued on page 70

THE REAL ROBERT STANFIELD

Christopher Reardon, who came to Canada from Scotland 16 years ago, is the originator of nearly all activities in Nova Scotia. He has once traveled across Canada and the United States going along demonstrations and his often appeared on TV shows showing how his techniques can radically alter and refine the image and personality of celebrities. His advice has been sought by a number of Canada's most prominent politicians. With that in mind Maclean's asked Mr. Reardon to re-make the image of Robert Stanfield. He offers these professional solutions:

"In this age of television cam-



eraging it is no longer considered appropriate for a candidate to be concerned about his appearance. The use of cosmetics and styling techniques no longer is the property of a particular sex. Robert Stanfield is the example of a man who has strong characteristics that he has not yet taken advantage of. In fact his dignified, conservative, almost upper-class British image doesn't do his political ambitions justice. The high forehead caused by balding is distracting; so remove it with reflective clippers to make off one side, causing the viewer to lose concentration on what he's saying. The bushy eyebrows are too arched and don't lend themselves to natural expression. The nose and chin are therefore too dominating. The clothes accentuate his severity. The problem is to soften this hard image and make his personality more appealing. Turn the page and see our suggested solution."

AN ARGUMENT FOR CONSERVATISM

BY M. GRATTAN O'LEARY

Something to listen to after you've considered the alternative

Professor J. K. Galbraith, who muses with much delightful accuracy a lot of wit and sense, once wrote that "the trade fair is a poor place from which to view the battle."

Accepting that, I don't hesitate here and now to view the election battle which should concern us all vitally in the weeks to come.

Will this battle be fought over things that matter and are clear, or will its trumpets give an uncertain sound?

For the present at least, a remarkable alliance of ignorance and greediness, I cannot speak. For the Conservatives with whom I have marched and voted for more than 40 years I cover a word. To begin with, I ask: what is the Conservative Party? What has it been in our Canadian past, what is it today, and what must it be in the future if it is to survive?

Answering the first question, I reject completely the Liberal and socialist claim that the Conservatives are a "Toyt" party, a sanctuary for reactionaries, its adherents mentally enslaved.

Was it that when John A. Macdonald pleaded for the aid of progressives and when, among other things, he legislated Canadian unions at a time when a Liberal leader was prosecuting them as "conspirators"? Was it that when Robert Laird Brown became our first effective Canadian minister of justice that our first justice minister, the now Liberal, became and evolved based on our political landscape?

What the record shows is that the Conservative Party, avoiding extremes and consequences, has been neither too rigid nor too loose. Not in our time does it feel itself inhibited by what Lincoln called "the dogma of the quick post," but neither has it liking for unconstrained growth, with discreet retreat a post.

Recently, under Robert Stanfield, the Conservative Party strove to realize the utopian in human satisfactions of what our economic system is capable with government help and cooperation — has not demonstrated.

And this, in the election, will be the true dividing line between the Conservative Party and what is still called the Liberal Party. For more and more, under Pierre Trudeau, the party of Blake and Laurier moves toward state domination, latched on to a program of fiction, benevolence and, I think, lazily called "dependence." Not only is private industry choked by and harassed, our provinces are reduced to amorphous areas cranking from Ottawa's table. The Conservative Party, if it is to survive or deserve to survive, must meet this challenge, or suffer a mere eclipse.

Conservatives in this election must address themselves vigorously to the demoralization of the Liberal establishment, to exposing the Liberal psychology that they are the "misguided" party, the party of expense. With more

than 660,000 people unemployed and millions more without adequate food or shelter, this should not be hard.

Also, Conservatives must dispose of the charge that they themselves are anti-intellectual — a charge, I admit, they have sometimes deserved. I can recall what, years ago, I experienced in the Ottawa Journal that too many Conservative election campaign rooms contained little more than a Union Jack and McDonald's picture in the window and a smoke-filled darkness inside. And there is more than a grain of truth in the claim that too many top captains in the Conservative Party were anti-intellectual to the point of keeping out of all sensible, sensible questions of men and women and only dedicated to the Conservative Party but often in key positions to keep a dynamic interest in Conservatism alive in the nation's intellectual centres.

Thus, under Robert Stanfield, is no longer true and must be scrubbed off with the "party of wealth and privilege" label long on Conservatism by Liberals and socialists. It is the so-called Liberal Party today which, with its millionaire leader, is the party of wealth.

I conclude with a restoration of my first assertion that not in the past nor in any time has the Conservative Party been a party of reaction. It is a party with an aim and goal for Canada, with human values its first priority. Its true creed was set out memorably years ago when Arthur Meighen said to the Treasurer and Ministers of Gray's Inn, in London: "Statenmanship knows no law of man-made... there is wisdom in the acts of the American people. Mr. Justice Holmes, that 'the present has the right to govern itself as far as it can' and that 'consistency with the past is only a necessity and not a duty.' Bushmen and consequences are also in the British tradition. Reform, though, was the advice of the Glorious of Gray's Inn, 'reform without luxury or scandal of former times or persons, and be advised as to what to create good precedents to follow them,' and to remember to 'look counsel of both times, of the present time when it lies, and of the latter time when it fits.' There would be no better precepts for Statemanship."

There could be no better precepts for the Conservative Party in this coming election. For the real resurgence of the Conservative Party cannot flow from the building of abstracts about conservatism. It must come from a realistic comprehension of the needs of groups of people, the whole impressing upon them that where people are the government they do not get rid of their burden by attempting to unload them on the government.

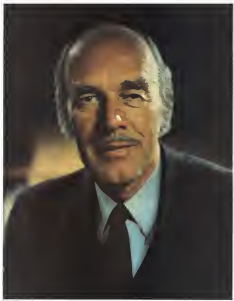
Making these truths, Robert Stanfield is prime minister, humane, informed and intelligent, would blur and compromise conflicts before they become irreconcilable and end the Trudeau policy of vivisection which threatens Canada with destruction. ■

2 REMAKING THE LEADER. A FIRST TRY

Mr. Stanfield's most positive feature is his eyes. They are instantly compelling and, in the right mood, even kind. But the heavily expressive distort that characteristic and as the crowd-jerker at the corner of the eyes, it will take centuries to deal with the crowd-fun and for the moment I'll concede myself only with the cynicism by saying them slightly. In some corners here is to deny the school-percepted se-

verity his brow projects. I felt that by giving the leader longer and fuller address and a fuller style with more body on the sides and back of his head I could create a major appearance. The color of his hair would therefore contain more highlights and remove. Next the nose, strictly shaped but no pretensions and dissembling. I decided to add a Roscoe C. Brown to measure to deal with this sharp feature and also

contemplate the slight change at the corner of his mouth. On occasion I have seen this change occur in a mirror. Add to this change a colored shirt, striped in red and white and there is an overall effect of quiet distinction. But how the boy from the small town is lost in the private club of the big city. No, he looks too much like George. Here I used for a more complete solution. Turn the page to see what happened."



THE ALTERNATIVE CONSIDERS HIMSELF

BY JOHN AITKEN

Robert Stanfield defines and defends Robert Stanfield

Robert Stanfield is Canada's most visible political alternative to Pierre Trudeau. And yet he has not been taken seriously. Not by the press, not by major sections of the electorate, not even, in a public way, by himself. For he has nearly always been described to us (and we have thus nearly always thought of him) in terms of his opponent.

For the past five years, Canadian polemics have been written and talked about Trudeau as if he were the first specimen of a new evolutionary step in man. Columns have been predicated on a single phrase: Thousands of words have analyzed every utterance. There has been wide and thoughtful speculation about his background, his social conscience, his political philosophy. Aside from a certain amount of trivia, this has been all to the good. Trudeau is our prime minister. We have the right to know something — indeed, as much as possible — about him.

But we know very little about Robert Stanfield. The press, evidently, has been bored by him, exasperated with him, or, though he had no right, given the calibre of his opponent, to be the kind of man he is. We know that he is considered to be a dull and pedantic quaker, a grey gull to the Prime Minister's eaglehawk. We know, vaguely — for less is made of this in time goes on — that he once had power, as the premier of New Scotia, and evidently wielded it successfully. Very few political observers have gone beyond that. Stanfield is actually the most under-examined man in Canadian political history.

Yet Stanfield, behind the flat perceptions of Ottawa's Parliamentary Press Gallery, is in many ways a man in tension, someone more than Trudeau. He brooks no paradox. He evokes trust, at an age that prides cynicism and skepticism. He is humble and we consider humility to be embarrassing. He is confident and that quality, in this political decade, is antithetical.

I have traveled across Canada with Stanfield and talked with him in public and private. I have become fascinated by him. And I have become frustrated by his diffidence. For if the press has failed Stanfield, Stanfield has failed the public, simply by being what he is — an impressively rational man who holds an office in which rationality is no virtue.

Throughout my conversations with Stanfield, I found myself wondering if his self-questioning candor had any real place in contemporary politics. In a perfect country, of course the quality would be mystically attractive. In this one, it can act as a dead weight. For we have proved, with John Diefenbaker and again with Pierre Trudeau, that we are highly susceptible to demagoguery and that we resist anyone who does not entertain us. We demand in our politicians the self-confidence of acrobats.

But Robert Stanfield approaches power almost as a

corporate titan. He seems to see the country as a huge enterprise, one that demands superior management, clear vision, common sense, stability, untruffled competence. One seeks promotion then, by exhibiting these qualities, as a vice-president of a corporation performs to improve the chairman of the board.

It was on the last leg of a 10-day publicity tour Stanfield made across Canada, on a flight between Halifax and Toronto, that I first asked him about all this. I was the only person to travel the whole route with him; we had finished our dinner and I poured him, for coffee, unvarnished but apparently welcome. There are, I said, some questions — personal questions — I continued on page 45

3 THE NEW ROBERT STANFIELD

"Robert Stanfield to George Brown won't do. So let's try again. The politicians are not too heavy. I clipped and re-shaped them. I took these smokes and raised those smokes. You can't just sit there and say as longer control themselves. He is undoubtedly more communicable and the TV viewer can relate to the feelings in every new freely express. The field had not been established after all and so in three days while her committee was in session in June 1971 I gave her a full head of hair. This was no one said. I took some responsibility before I came to a natural style. The hairdresser referred the leader of his

you look. But it also made the mistake the same problem. I dropped it and by applying concealer I lifted the top lip and lightened the chin. Next I noticed that his Adam's apple looked too prominent and his clothes didn't suit the new image. I selected a red and what with a higher collar to cover the Adam's apple. Got rid of the old school tie and replaced it with a sweater, more contemporary but I made sure that the knot under the elegance of the tie. Chances are Mr. Stanfield used to trying his tie the same way all his life. Wouldn't matter this much difference. Add to this a beautifully tailored stylish suit with a matching vest and a complementary silk gull in the breast pocket and the image is complete. Robert Stanfield becomes a candidate for all seasons and all seasons. He doesn't become a new man, rather he projects the real image that you have in the first place.

STYLING: GARY WATSON; HAIR: JIMMY HARRIS; MAKEUP: JIMMY HARRIS





GOOD-BYE, K.C. IRVING, GOOD-BYE!

BY J. E. BELLVEAU

Why did the Howard Hughes of Canada ante himself to the tropics and leave the kids in charge?

"I am an inveterate reader in New Brunswick. We own, J. K. Irving, A. L. Irving and J. E. Irving, are carrying on the various businesses as far as anything else goes, I do not choose to discuss the matter further."

— Kenneth Colin Irving, *New York Times*, January 18, 1977.

That's typical of this modern Croesus — short, to the point and pragmatic. Used his departure, he held 10% of the land area of his native New Brunswick, employed one in every 12 of that province's workers, was worth an estimated \$600 million in shareholdings of his 160 companies — and he feels no obligation to explain himself to anyone. He is almost certainly Canada's richest individual one. Millionaire who never felt the need of leaving — until now — and he made it all at home.

The obvious parallel is Howard Hughes, perhaps after one collects a certain amount of money and power, invulnerability becomes very attractive. But the comparison isn't entirely accurate. K. C. Irving is the very opposite of egotistic. He merely keeps himself to himself.

He's gone now, or says he is, and there's no reason to doubt he's coming back. Everybody in New Brunswick, of course, has his own idea about K.C.'s reasons — Ottawa's new tax laws, for example, and Premier Richard Hatfield's succession duties, which would not down the size of the empire Irving could pass on to his sons. (If he stayed in Canada, the taxes due to both governments on his death could come close to the amount of New Brunswick's entire annual budget.) But nobody knows for sure. Irving is deliberately, vigorously unresponsive, just as he always was, to the frustration of New Brunswick's army of Irving watchers.

The real story of K. C. Irving is not whether he was driven out by the threat of taxation, others have seen that way before. The real story is the saga of a well-entrenched man, grown so powerful that he could not distinguish between the public interest and his own.

He himself is a 19th century glutton of single totes, infallible counsel, and a 20th-century computerized business mind. There is the legend and there is the man. And the man is somehow bigger than the legend.

"We've put a couple of Keen County boys trying to do the best for our province," Irving once told Louis J. Robichaud, the former New Brunswick premier. This was not cast in

ving metal, it, and Robichaud understood it. But as Irving, along the best for the province around doing it only his way. In Robichaud, who was born 10 miles away and 35 years later, K. C. Irving met for the first time a politician in power who put an unshakably neutral stamp on his way, the people's way, as he saw it.

I was born in New Brunswick, and worked there for a good part of my life, and, for a decade, I was an adviser to Premier Robichaud in a time when he and Irving were entangled in a kind of total political and economic war. I've met K. C. Irving, interviewed him, seen him occasionally and talked to hundreds of people about him, and I'm convinced that the most important thing about Irving is not his money but what he represents. K. C. Irving is the last of the great landed barons of Canada.

K. C. Irving, Age 75
Born Antigonish, NB. Major holdings: Irving Oil Inc. holds two and operating in and gas company, with some 3,000 retail outlets; Irving Linerships Ltd. and Newfoundland Tankers Ltd.; Les Frères Inc. and Irving Oil Inc., oil distributors in Quebec; Irving Redline Ltd., a real estate holding company based in Quebec; General Realty Co., North End Service Systems Ltd.; Macquarie Oil Co.; Irving Refining Ltd., jointly held by Irving Oil and Standard Oil Co. of California with one \$30-million barrel-per-day refinery at Saint John and another of equal size announced for Quebec City; Eastern Oil and Service Stations Ltd., another enterprise Irving holds jointly with Standard; Saint John Shipbuilding and Dry Dock Co. (which has just received a \$47-million federal order); Ocean Trail and Construction Ltd.; Thorne's Hardware Ltd.; Saint John; Irving Pulp and Paper Ltd. — a joint operation with Knowledge-Clark; Irving Marine Division, a line of accounting firms, all five English language daily newspapers in New Brunswick, one radio station, one television station. Total assets: \$500 million.

— Source: *New York Times*, June 10, 1971; *The Financial Post*, April 30, 1968.
 (Until the 1950s much of New Brunswick operated on a form of localism that / continued on page 81

UPPER CANADA ROMANTIC

BY BILL HOWELL

Another Goin' Down The Road smash hit, starring Anne Murray, the Marlene Mahé and a host of other sweet folks

The CNR's Ocean Limited pulls out of Halifax at eleven-thirty every morning and heads north for Upper Canada. It reaches Montreal at seven-thirty the next morning. The train is not unlike the country it runs through. It's full of beautiful reasons for leaving. Some of those are strictly business. Like the farmer talking to his tractor the same way he used to talk to his horse. Or the others, it's fun to guess that when the Laramed winds through Asheville and rattles across the Tannabum bridge into New Brunswick, when the bar out opens, a quarter of the day-trip passengers are leaving their native province for the first time. In the day coach, passing through a region of sea and strange footfalls, a dream is the best of all reasons.

One goes to Upper Canada in a white shirt. Most dress half the people in the day coaches wear their best clothes, those shoes and new gloves. They sit still and self-conscious for the first half-hour to keep quiet, but then they forget it that and remember who they are. It helps if you know someone when you get there, but this is unlikely. Sometimes, if you've got the money, you can pay the extra night dollars for an upper berth. Then you'll avoid the hawking babies, the stale cigarette smoke and the orange pool stick of the day coach, and arrive rested.

After the first few hours the rhythm of the rails takes everyone over, and people start to share the monotony of here and there and their own time in between. Where else can you talk with a stranger for five or six hours straight, plenty of time to explain your way through the first awkward words and misuses, and then leave with the probability that you'll never meet again? And even if you do you'll never be sure what went as lost time anyway. In the gay across

from you really a show salesman opening his order book before he gets back to Montreal, as he says, or it is a dynamic thief or on the run from some Far Eastern spy network? People on trains make strange friends. And maybe Toronto is just a great big Bklyn.

It's hard to hear a guitar on the train. The guy down the aisle's wearing a symphony with the rail rhythm. He's a curly-haired kid with a great big Gibson. The song's in three chords (G, C, and D7).

"I can't help it if I have to go there's a world there waiting, but I just have to know. And if all our promises turn out to be in vain, then maybe we can wait there until we I come home again. But I'm bound for Upper Canada in ten what I can see, see it to know and tell the boys in love a heart for me. And then though I'm away from home I'll try to wait for her. Why even on the railway I'll be from the Maritimes."

Coming out of him, with his head braced over the strings as he can hear them, the song sounds like a lone crow standing by the road. There are three rows of seats surrounding the pick guard and the strings. When he gets to Toronto he'll mail home a subway transfer as a souvenir. But he'll still be alone.

Sooner or later all these guys get around to Anne Murray.

It's late February now, and Anne's 370,000 new record Taylor brick house is nestled into four inches of snow now in Forest Hill, Toronto. It's the kind of neighborhood they shoot television commercials in: the Upper Middle Class Upper Canadian. Conchita Rossato's Love Story Dreams. At the new year Anne's driven a full of seven-year-old kids with long and scarred in huge boots carrying brown book bags home from school who trudge up behind you, grab the

bottom of your overcoat, and ask you: "Is that really Anne Murray's house, mister?" And when you say yes they say ohhhhh. The place has a patio and pool the size until late in November (no place in Nova Scotia is more than 30 miles from the sea). But she's hardly ever here. She answers the door herself.

"Hi. What key are you in today?" It's a good opening line, but she looks bewildered, taking the coat and the Nova Scotia tartan scarf. Boots, men's boots everywhere.

"Uh, hello, come in. Uh, go, what do you want?"

In the expensive living room's recessed: Lynn McIlrath heads over the facts and figures, double-checking everything as only in Reader's Digest. Meanwhile manager Leonard Rabinowitz, a dark-haired Labrador retriever of a man, goes back and forth in his stocking feet, a frown of concentration on his steadily honest Cape Breton face. None of that questionable vegetable weekly magazines for Anne. We say hello, how do you do, avoid knee-slams back and forth.

"I missed the tone of the day." Anne turns, looks me along the hall, past the beer-bottle kitchen, and on downstairs, to her new room. Quiet. "Let's agree on D," she says, finally.

And here we are, well-to-do. There's a breakfast rug in front of the fireplace, a Gable's guitar propped against the wall next to her yellow leather chair, a glass table, a large record collection in wall cabinets. Brass equipment: Merle Haggard, Bruce Cockburn, George Hamilton IV, Gordon Lightfoot, Renée Hawke's albums stacked and strewn across the floor.

She's wearing a sweater and sticks the same moose antlers she wore for the photographer last week. The room has soft yellow green light.



Photo by Bill Howell

"I'd sure like to be able to go on stage in jeans."

She could be any Toronto career girl on a Saturday afternoon. Except it's Tuesday.

"I never listen to the radio or follow the charts."

Neither do I. She swings her right leg over the yellow leather arm.

"Well okay then, where does the music come from?"

She gets across-friendily. Like Lloyd Robertson in the CBC National during a strike.

"In Springfield everybody was into music. For me it started with the Hit Parade and the piano at home. But I learned pretty well everything I needed to know before I left Halifax."

Music in Halifax is what happened when the end-of-the-line underground railroad blues met a North Atlantic storm of self-promotion. Along the northeast black music led on the blacker sea, shanties on ships with green hair and heroin hidden in their fore bones and the popular music of the world on their public-address systems. It wasn't exactly the head of staff the folkies lady from Dartmouth, Dr. Helen Coughlin, was collecting for our National Museum up and down the South and Eastern Shores.

"I know pretty well every school given in the Maritimes," Anne says.

Early in the Thirties a young hawk named Hank Snow arrived at CBNS with another thing altogether, ending up with RCA Victor records and Nashville. (There are 32 radio stations in the Maritime provinces, and most people down there would be a whole lot happier if every one of those 32 stations played Nashville music 24 hours a day.) Snow's casual come from the old-time fiddle tradition of two-half fiddlers, mostly dirt roads and dogs and pickup trucks, \$50 fourth-hand Chevies. From the Rodgers and Ward Allies. By the Fifties Don Messer and his Islanders were showing up, every week from Charlottetown and things really began to change up. He started out in 1956 on CBHT-TV, the local CBC station, and if the show had one thing at all it had integrity. Eventually Don Messer's *Jubilee* was seated in popularity only to *Blackie Night in Canada* on the national network.

In the late fall of 1960 the American folk singer Pete Seeger, an old friend in Halifax, taped the pilot for a summer replacement for the Messer show. It was called *Folkways Jubilee*, and was produced by a young Haligonian named Bill Langstroth, then

Messer's producer, now Anne's a pioneer in Canadian television. But before the show got on the air, the CBC and the sponsor lowered the boom because of Seeger's notoriety in Washington and his affiliation with the civil rights movement, pink of net red. They weren't about to be brave enough to broadcast the voice of the North American subconscious yet, so the show was canned, Seeger's career held up, and Langstroth walked himself into the Seeger ood with another new pilot to salvage the summer and make sure everybody's cokes were baked right. Thus, from Seeger, came the first musical rule for the city: do the best you can with what you've got on hand.

"Meanwhile and to this day," says Langstroth, "the Seeger pilot is missing from CBC Program Archives."

Jacqueline Jubilee introduced Langstroth, Catherine McKinnon, Ivan Smith, The Don Burke Five, Fred McKenna ("I didn't even like country music," says Anne, "until I met Freddie"), and the Jubilee Singers to Canada. The show came on where this white, sorted itself out in front of itself every week, and finally signed with Canadian-owned Air Radio for a series of albums through Bill Goldblatt, a young Torontoan in Halifax. "I've always believed in Maritime talent. But at the time we recorded that product there was no way that talent was going to compete at regular prices." Shortly afterward Catherine recorded Dr. Helen Coughlin's *New Scots Song*, started to do guest spots on Toronto television shows, sold 200,000 copies of her first album, which was produced by Brian Auger, and the compromise between the room and the charts began to turn.

Anne Murray showed up for three weeks on *Singalong* in the summer of 1966, and nobody thought she was great. But her warm, pert, lyrical also was a welcomed part of a great new influx of talent to the show, most of it around 21 years old then, all of it Maritime. John Allen Carreras, an Ontario dropout from Mabou, Cape Breton, who sang his songs better than anyone else in that wild Scottish Irish 12-string world of his, Edith Butler, a superb Acadian folk singer from Pugwash, New Brunswick, Ken Vidman. (from / continued on page 60)

really love this Anne. Why, I have sworn in the past as late as November: never get out but to see friends.



NASHVILLE GOTHIC

BY JO DURDEN-SMITH

Why Have Scott's Hank Snow Ain't Come? Home No More

The first thing you notice going south is the haircuts. It's not simply that they're short. Northern dressing-room fashions have always denoted their general view of the south with mid-skipper crews and shocked tooth-brush hair. It's the variety of them. In the 1950s you could walk into one of those coons and beautilife barber-shops with teen magazine posters of Tony Curtis pinned in the window and walk out with a piece of sculpture on your head. It went with the hard-edge straggling, the expertly snuffing finger work of the times. And in the south you still can. There are stylists on the streets of Nashville, Tennessee, right now, hair combed and edged upward to perfectly tapered ridges or slicked back toward the nape like vermouth.

To go south is to go back. The women wear bouclé or beehives or frozen waterfalls of hair over their stretch pants and white turtlenecks and pearls, and they have, still slightly translucent, pale skin that comes from inherited undernourishment. The men wear gleam-chin blues and wicker hats and chunky sweaters. They're robust and tanned and big in the hip, contemplative in their very size of all those big-city underdogs with their mermaid figures and ambiguous hair. Being a woman in the south is a reflexive confidence, like being in quarantine for a disease you caught from somebody. Being a man is to do with size and strength and the woman you have at your drinking elbow or waiting for you at home. The anachronistic baroque hair, the old-fashioned Chevrons and station wagons that had onto the Opry every weekend from Cantonese, Georgia, or Graniteville, South Carolina, are the props and furniture of the Southern dream. The dream says that a man is what he craves out of his opponent's, that his possessions are

the measure of his life and that change is something that can only deprive an existence previously gorged against poverty and bad times. It says, above all, that a man can make it if he doesn't quit.

Hank Snow has made it. Twice every Sunday Opryed four times take Interstate 65 south out of Nashville to the backwoods hangouts of Madison, Tennessee. There, for two or three Kodak Instantaneous minutes, the descendants of the men and women who fled poverty famine and highland clearances gaze at a hypochondriac version of the good life their ancestors looked for, a sprawling one-story house wrap against a white picket fence and a ranch-house yard. "And this is where good ole Hank Snow settled when he came to the Opry in 1953." It's impossible to reproduce the lapped roars of the guide with its corkboard notes. To many Americans, who cling to cities and an assumed liberalism, it's an alien voice, the voice of petty courtesy and threats in the night. But to the devotees in the bus it's the authentic voice of their music and their dream, as indelible as the brown skin of a girl or the dawn, always sick at a good. And they cruise and whisper, memorizing for their friends this house of 65 million records as the bus rumbles off to Loretta Lynn's Western Store or Andrew Jackson's plantation.

There is no feminism in this weekly rubbernecking. To a man not touched by the dream, it's more like a cross between a religious cult, a group of elders solemnly checking out the merits of their ancestor and a backward society. Not far away, in Nashville's Country and Western Music Hall of Fame built like a church, one of those upright triangles of glass and wood that provide for the worship of displaced people in new towns everywhere. It's an exact

objective correlative for the reverence country people feel for their music and the texture of its past. To begin with, the average hard-core country fan is a long way from his bell-ringing town, so are the men he made before electricity and youth and institutions defiled the purity of the music. There are no gagging teenagers in the Hall of Fame or the tour buses. But even if there were, the Grand Ole Opry could never be like the Fillmore East or the Avalon in San Francisco. Rock performs its promiscuous fastness of how its audience would like to be, perfectly young, perfectly sexual or perfectly skilled. It is the peculiar quality of country musicians that they possess faithfulness of how their audience behave themselves to be, involved with love and home and God, just plain folks.

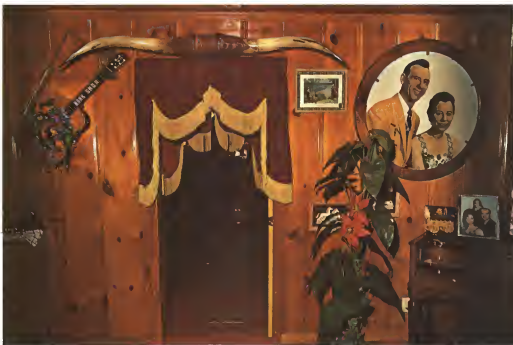
Driving out of Nashville to Hank Snow's house is like running a film about the development of a city backward. You start with a struggling ribbon of poorly bornedown services, diners and service stations and a superstition in a factory (background of streamers and burning, giant passing horses and backslowing chills. Even the churches have more convictions to worship working out a message from God against the sun and the dust. Then you pass through municipal Nashville: giant business buildings, a grimy station where they say Johnny Cash wants to open a new seat, and the plant offices of men with enough money not to have to be flashy. Then, as you leave town, you see bars and there are out of those southern palaces, porticoed in a great year of pillars, or its 20th-century discomfort, a gabled house painted in the precise sepia black, red and green of a plastic garden gnome. Then you hit the country in rolls away either side of the highway, unforgetting and endless. And, in the

face of it, you can begin to see what a potpourri of faith the moon and disjunct architecture of the multitude actually is, the same faith of community that led men to plow and build and bring together here in the eye of an eternal god.

You also realize that there are still two Nashvilles I rode out with: a locomotive giant is C. W. Searns' barbershop hanging on the back of his taxi "Hank Snow, eh? Yeah, the Hank lives out there in Madison next to his boy Jimmy. Jimmy's a preacher now, they say. Yeah, Mowin' On Hank Snow. Don't go for hillbilly music myself. But Mowin' On. I think that's it." Few people in Nashville will confess to a love of country music in regular visits to the Opry. The cities of the south have their own caste system, and the requirements of self-improvement definitely exclude hillbillys when it comes to defining yourself in terms of what you like. The incentive was strong, as offered, "It is a self-made man, a city man." The industry is fine, you understand, with its 53 record companies and its 400 publishing houses, its journals and its vision of the city as a land of oak-apple paradise. But Nashville was here before. And the industry also brings with it the money that pays for the Belle Meade Country Club, the symphony orchestra, and the golden batons of suburban Shoguns that line the roads on the way out of town.

After all, unless they are money and sticks in the ground, look off from the mess of poverty. New taxes are like campaign medals in the battle of the way up. The first things to go are the old traditions of heavenly furniture and one-state record racks. So why do the country stars stay here? They might be better off in California, that golden land where everybody is a star before they start, where, at any rate, there is an open stratosphere of money, rather than in this city of old conservatism and break new fortunes and a difficult line between.

The only thing currently fresh about Hank Snow is his taste in shirts. By the time I got out to Madison, I had already called on seen a number of people in search of a description of him, "Reserved," said Larry Mueller, his manager. "Don't know whether a Jew," said the other. "Admirable," said the third. "Admirable" had a suggestion of Blaise in it and a lot of omph; it was the kind of shirt a man who spends his life in suits wears secretly at home. And it was difficult on slaking hands not to immediately suit him, to turn him into



one of those thin middle-aged French politicians with hooded eyes, a high forehead and a resolution for obduracy. He actually looks like that. It's not something you can see in his publicity pictures or his old songbooks, because he's always wearing a very serious of the good line cowboy style shirt, up close, he's married and

married, with just that hint of prurience that the politicians would have. We sit across a big wooden desk from each other in the painted office he's built onto the side of his house. His secretary Betty (dainty black hair, dainty pink dress and two shirring loops of pearls) stands on line to us through the locked leather door-

here, and kept the coffee at bay.

If you've been through two days of massive handshakes from the people of the country, Hank Snow seems very slight, different somehow. It's as if being born in Liverpool, Nova Scotia, has estranged him from their size and furnishings, left him with a snail's reluctance. It's certainly and

that he has been close friends in the country and western establishment. He doesn't hang out in Tootsie's Orchid Lounge or any other of the Opryland meeting places like some of them do. Nor has he left his mark on the Nashville landscape, like Roger Miller or Mavis Ford, with their scotch and / continued on page 59

And this was my only dream, to have a place where I could make a couch case at / drive into America to, or leave the lights burning all night, or go to the refrigerator and get something to eat whenever I wanted it.

— Hank Snow

THE SOCIAL CONSCIENCE OF JOHN MUNRO

BY LAWRENCE MARTIN

Let his concern — not his example — be your guide

He is 20 pounds overweight, wheezes like an asthmatic factory whistle, smokes more than a pack of cigarettes a day — and he's worried about our health? He is the Minister of National Health and Welfare and quite obviously the personification of some of his department's more pressing problems. Casafina is the Seventies' one supposed to work less (he puts in 14 to 18 hours a day), relies more (he makes no constructive use of his leisure, mostly because he has none), and, above all, keep fit (he once bought a stationary bicycle, rode it the equivalent of twice around the block, got off and never got back on again). All of which is to say that John Carr Munro has all the inadequacies, hesitations and foibles of which people — as opposed to stage politicians — are actually made. He is, strange way, an extremely amiable person; his clothes are a taste maker's travesty; his speechmaking generally inept, he has little charm and no discernible wit. With Munro there is no dash, no titillation; what you see is what you get — that plus the imperatives that drive him. These imperatives add up to a search for solutions to human, not bureaucratic, problems. In short, the hardest thing about the health minister is his social conscience.

It's hard, then, not to have a lot of sympathy for Munro. There is still something in all of us — whether we like it or not — that responds sympathetically to a politician who has got where he is not through money and the tricks of publicity but through hard work and integrity — especially if he also happens to be a mother. And Munro, lacking the trappings of personality politics, has gained one of the highest offices in the gift of the Canadian people by working himself bloody-nosed and bleeding his nose's advice.

Kate Munro has been a kind of *existence givre* and main push behind her son's career for 20 years, ever since he ran for high-school president in 1945. She still runs his campaign (last riding office year inwards), but her guide in his recent years so turns when she talks of her long and working habits. Munro himself dismisses her concern and that of others around him: "I saw my doctor not long ago and he tells me I'm in pretty good shape."

Just the same, I got a very good idea of what troubles his mother so much the first time I had lunch with him: "I'm starving," Munro said, and ordered the first-of-his-price ribs. Immediately I asked what he thought about the guaranteed annual income. He laid down his knife and fork, took a sip of his gin and tonic and sat still. "The guaranteed annual income is no ultimate panacea for poverty because of the disincentive for work; it would, by its very nature, develop. We must try to enhance the identity of Canadians, not by handing out cheques or by encouraging them to work for a buck no matter what the job is,

but through some kind of meaningful endeavor, putting the right man in the right job, including intelligent retraining." He continued on this theme, with ramifications and asides, far over an hour. When his driver called for him he departed abruptly, leaving behind three empty glasses, an ashtray full of *du Monier* bells — and five dollars worth of unfinished food.

Now this incident has nothing to do with Munro's being a heavy drinker (he isn't, particularly), it has everything to do with his being obsessed with his work and with learning about it and talking about it. Eating, at that hour, simply got in the way of the business at hand, and nothing is allowed to do that. When Munro got the health portfolio, he decided to use a good example. With great freedom, he quit smoking. With no fanfare, he gradually backed off until he was delaying up to 30 or so times a day the warning he wants printed on all cigarette packages. Quitting smoking, nicotine withdrawal, you see, was a distraction, it broke his concentration and then interfered with his work. He never had a choice.

Nicotine was a drug Munro knew. Marijuana, hashish, LSD and speed were drugs he didn't. And these drug abuse comes under his department he set out to learn, not by simply listening to his advisors but by finding out for himself in the all-closed happy pool of Toronto's Yorkville, which in 1965-69 sheltered a cross section of kids from all over Canada who were, as they say, into drugs. And he learned more — firsthand from heads, speed freaks, dealers, rock musicians and street-level drug workers — than any other politician in Canada. So when Munro set up the LeDain Commission on the Psycho-Medical Use of Drugs, he knew what he was doing. The commission has subsequently broken through a lot of the ignorance, prejudice and fear that surround drugs by doing just what Munro himself had done — listening to the kids who use them. Whatever legislation comes out of the final LeDain report — and politics, not social conscience, will set its limits — it will at least be informed by the callousness that Munro, and after him the commission, gained by paying heed to the voices from the street.

Very early one fifth of all the money the federal government takes in this year (12.9 billion out of \$15.7 billion) will be spent by the Department of National Health and Welfare. Eight thousand people work there. Yet scarcely a scrap of paper, even the most ineffectual press release, leaves Munro's office without being scrutinized and signed by the minister.

Despite the overwhelming workload, Munro has steadily received suggestions in parliament — and in the cabinet — that his dual ministry of health and welfare be split into two. "They're too integrated / continued on page 38

Murro continued: "for that" he says that his staff and he are unable to complete a lot of the services that Murro oversees, and even then a secretary, presenting the following compendium, had to wait: "There are probably things we've left out because there are so many."

Health care, is a probably partial list of Murro's responsibilities: Health Medicare, drug abuse and its control, including alcohol and tobacco, nutrition under the Food and Drug Department, including consumer complaints, child and maternal health care services, abortion information, dental health, health grants, a medical department to check on the health of would-be immigrants. Indian and Eskimo health. Welfare: Old age pensions, family allowances, youth allowances, Canada Assistance Plan: Finance and consumer sports programs, family planning, day-care centres (50% federal contribution).

So it is not, perhaps, surprising that Murro sometimes illustrates the functions of his myriad responsibilities with those of other cabinet ministers. Once he made a speech criticizing the legal profession as "a sham and a charade," thereby stepping on the toes of the justice minister and ending up with as much rebuke as the lawyers he was skewering. On another occasion, after a preliminary report of the LeDain commission, Murro told the press: "The government is committed to the abolition of the ad referendum for the possession of marijuana." Again he had invaded the justice minister's territory, and later he stood up in the House and pleaded guilty: "I got carried away and went too far."

Murro admits that he lacks the long-standing assets to become a national political figure: "I know my image probably leaves a better lot to be desired across the country," he says. And most Parliamentary Press Gallery correspondents readily agree with him, though few of them seem to have penetrated Murro's rampant and inarticulate exterior deeply enough to discover the integrity within. Before last February's cabinet shuffle, some of them waited... That's right, anything long-range about Murro—Alas the shuffle, he may find himself in a different post.

Granted, Murro is decidedly not a member of the inner circle of the Trudeau cabinet. In fact, he received telephone calls with Trudeau too on the formal side — Murro addresses him as Mr. Prime Minister, even in private. About the cabinet ministers closest to Trudeau, he says: "Sure, they've got a lot of influence, but not

to the aggressive extent wherein you can't argue with it."

The cabinet shake-up, day came, with all its surprises. But there was Murro, the hell in Trudeau's fire show shop, still presiding in the huge paneled office of his ministerial position. Murro's special assistant, Bob Blackwood, a dapper red type, is constantly trying to get his boss to dress in a manner aware of keeping with his surroundings. Around the office, Murro's suits are usually referred to as "Murro suits." His adamant reaction: "Well, I don't care a damn what you think — my constituents happen to like these suits."

His constituents seem equally untroubled by Murro's lack of cool: he's a sprinter, a granzer, a scowler, a shuffler, a wheeler. Says Peter Collins, an Ottawa correspondent for the Southern papers who uses a lot of Murro: "After Murro has walked up



"I got carried away and went too far."

a flight of stairs he's breathing so furiously you can hear him 30 feet away."

Actually, Murro was in pretty good shape before he took up politics. At Windsor Secondary School in Windsor he was a consistent winner in boxing and running. As a Boy Scout he won badges at twice the average rate, 42 in two years. Abilities, especially running and boxing, were useful aids for survival in Blenheim East 25 years ago. Then was particularly so if one belonged to the minority Anglo-Saxon "club" surrounded by a patchwork quilt of immigrants from Italy, Poland, the Ukraine, Serbia, Lithuania, to name a few. Most of the men — meaning any male of school-leaving age — went to work for one of the two huge steel plants, Stelco and Dofasco, which dominate the area economically and physically, spreading their gulf of power — in those pre-suffragette days — in

role — over buildings and washday clotheslines.

The John Murro's father was John Anderson Murro, of straight Scottish descent. He was a lawyer whose political career reached no further than secretary of the local Liberal Association. He died in 1953 when Murro was 21. Murro's mother was for years politically active. She helped found the Hamilton Women's Liberal Association and later became its president. As early as 1925 she had campaigned for her father, Doctor Learning Carr, who became a member of Howard Ferguson's ultra-Tory Ontario government.

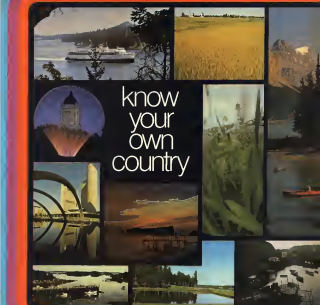
There's a Murro tradition that John was politically minded before he was in his teens, that where other boys used old magazines as signposts for pecking hockey games Murro used copies of *Illustrated Weekly* did indeed prefer reading the biographies of great figures in history to poring over comic books, and one day referred to a Hamiltonian's cynicism that he intended to become prime minister of Canada.

In 1948, aged 17, Murro entered politics of a sort when he decided to run for student president of his high school, Kew. Murro entered and managed the campaign. It was by all odds the most spectacular, if not the most significant, that the mother-and-son team was to stage during their 20-year political partnership. Murro's bright bands, tramped up and down the streets, followed by chanting troops of Murro supporters. Loudspeakers blared the candidate's praises. A bevy of kenneled girls on roller skates that looked plastered with large white teenage posters, cranked the corridors of the school. An artificial waterfall, bearing the sponsor's name prominently, was built in the school gym. Overhead an airplane circled trailing a white smoke banner. Naturally, he won easily.

But not long afterward a different kind of educational experience nearly put an end to his schooling. In his first year at McMaster University he flunked two out of five of his courses. "The subjects just didn't interest me," Murro says.

He brokebroke his way to Arriva, Quebec, the skiers' city, lured to get a job, and broke, "gave himself up" at the local police station instead of being treated as a vagrant. He was given a bed ("My cell was quite comfortable, actually") and next morning was sent on his way home.

Back in Blenheim his ambition for higher education returned. He accumulated the necessary money by tak-



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Niagara is a vast panorama when viewed from the revolving restaurant of the 500-foot Skylon. Illumination at night and miles of formal gardens by day make a visit to Niagara Falls a highlight of a lifetime. Nearby Niagara-on-the-Lake, with much of the atmosphere of the early part of the last century, is the home of the Shaw Festival where the works of that great playwright, and others of his era, are performed throughout the summer.

Toronto is a rapidly soaring and exciting city where every day new modern structures blend with existing historic charm. Vacationers gaze with admiration at the overwhelmingly imaginative City Hall. An impressive architectural piece in a woodland setting, the Ontario Science Centre contains fascinating scientific exhibits. Watch a Broadway musical at the O'Keefe Centre, or an absorbing

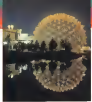
drone at the splendid St Lawrence Centre for the Performing Arts

Within minutes of downtown, see the Province's latest showplace, the fabulous Ontario Place, a complex of man-made islands in Lake Ontario. From May 20 to October 13th, it is a complete world of entertainment on its own. Adjacent to Ontario Place, the

world's largest and oldest annual fair, the Canadian National Exhibition, offers visitors a raft of exhibits and displays, a "big-name" grandstand show, and a rollicking midway. The "Ex" runs from mid-August until Labour Day, but the buildings house many intriguing shows and exhibits for much of the year.

A placid and beautiful resort area, the Thousand Islands is a unique holiday land in this Southeast region. One should see Fort Henry, a museum of British and Canadian military history. Every day, from mid-May to early September, the "Fort Henry Guard" performs the military rituals of colonial days. Upper Canada Village, an authentically restored 19th century village, is well worth a visit.

Ottawa's brilliantly colourful Tulip Festival in May is an annual event. However, Parliament's Victorian, Gothic style combined with the red colour of the changing guard any summer morning are always a major attraction. The unusual design of the new Na-



tional Arts Centre appears as a modern castle on the lush green banks of the Fidoau Canal.

Ontario is a place of many attractions. June to October, the town of Stratford presents its popular Festival of plays by Shakespeare and other great dramatists, both ancient and modern. Sainte-Marie among the Hurons at Midland is an actual reconstruction of an early seventeenth century Jesuit Mission.

Heading north to Lake Superior Provincial Park, stop at Sault Ste. Marie for an interesting train excursion to the breathtaking Agawa Canyon. Then in the Park you can see the 35 Agawa Rock Indian pictographs at the base of a hundred-foot cliff. As you adventure even farther north, the Polar Bear Express is a delightful mode of transportation which passes through interesting rugged northern landscape.

Hotels and motels, large and small, new and old, are available to suit the tourist's requirements in any part of the Province. Restaurants featuring the cuisines of many countries are only surpassed by an unlimited variety of nightlife.

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8. *Journal of the American Medical Association*, 277, 1996, 1039-1040.

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ing two jobs. By day he worked with a Hamilton City street repair gang; by night he worked freight in a railroad yard. His seriousness impressed the admissions officials at the University of Western Ontario in London, and they agreed to take him on as a second-year student if he could pass the subjects he had missed. He did so.

To conserve his money he lived in a semi-basement and took a job as sign painter in LaSalle's Brewery. In three years, Munro graduated with "honours degrees" in BA in political science. By now he knew that politics were to be his life, and once it seemed to him that the law was the chance route to political success he enrolled at Osgoode Hall law school in Toronto, continuing daily from Hamilton. Characteristically, the long hours involved in travelling to and from Toronto and taking his law course made him feel all of Munro's time he needed a part-time job in the Hamilton city solicitor's office, and he and his mother started the political strategy that was to become the Munro trademark: personal visits to every house in the riding.

When Munro was 24 and in his second year of law, he decided it was time for him to plunge into politics — in the comparatively modest arena of city hall. Munro won by the largest plurality ever given a Hamilton politician. He was re-elected repeatedly until he won his first federal seat in 1962.

It was a furious pace — and it began to take its toll. Munro had become a chain smoker, and wariness had started to show in the bags under the eyes. By 1966 he had opened his own full-time law practice, was still serving on Hamilton council and keeping up his mother's strategy for a federal election, and he was planning to marry. The girl was Margaret Clay, a college graduate from South St. Marie. It was, because of Munro's multitude of activities, a special campaign. A close friend of Munro's remembers that the hard to get a little more of Munro's attention by doing another area it didn't work. Munro simply turned his well-known sword on the end, snarled "You bag off, hear?" and that was that. But Mrs. Clay didn't see her future any more. She had married in December, 1966, but a largely absentee husband had been the story of her life ever since. In Ottawa they live in a comparatively modest upper duplex with two daughters, Susan, 11, and Ann, 7.

A month after his marriage Munro was immersed in his plans for the fed-

eral election expected that summer. For once, he didn't take his mother's advice and, for the first and only time in his political career, he lost.

Back in the fall of 1966, when he first started planning his strategy, the Munro stronghold of Hamilton East had a Liberal incumbent, Tom Ross, and Munro didn't want to contest his re-election. Instead, Munro got the Hamilton West nomination — and the formidable Ellen Fairbridge as an opponent. Then in November Tom Ross told Kate Munro told her son, "There's plenty of time for you to catch up. In the next, you can win easily in the west, you'll be better." But Munro decided not to change his mother's good right.

Munro could sense the rising Disfranchiser tide, and cautiously sat out the 1968 election, which proved to be, as Munro had feared, a Conservative landslide. Munro promptly



launched a four-year election campaign aimed at 1962. He still had his law practice, his attendance duties and now family life was added but he managed to campaign as energetically as if the elections were imminent.

When campaign day came, he and Kate Munro began their familiar door-to-door visitations, and Hamilton East became nicknamed with Munro's blue-and-white posters. So much did Munro posterize himself the riding that one newspaper expressed the fear that "when all the Munro posters are taken down, Hamilton East will collapse like a house of cards." He beat the incumbent Conservative by nearly 4,000 votes.

Munro admits that he went to Ottawa with the resolve to become a cabinet minister in short order. But he spent nearly six years as a back-bencher and in the only slightly less prestigious post of parliamentary secretary. And financial problems were

besetting him. The cost of his campaign, added to the expense of running a year-round campaign office, as Kate Munro does for her son, was more than he could keep up with.

Even today, with his \$35,000 annual salary, Munro says that he's usually in debt — to his bank, his family and with money." Kate Munro says.

In February, 1968, Munro felt that his house had finally come. A new minister of labor was to be announced. Munro was confident he would get the post, that he deserved it. He and a group of friends were in a suite at the Royal York hotel in Toronto when the announcement came — the new temporary minister of labor was Bryan Munro.

Paul Wright, a Hamilton *Spectator* writer, told me what happened next: "Munro immediately went to the bathroom of the suite. Later I went in to ask him whether he found him in bed with the minister's wife. He said, 'Yes, this wife was trying to comfort him. I said, 'John, who the hell's the trouble?'"

"To talk with the Liberal party," he said. "The morning after now. And you get to hell out of it. You see."

"Next day he remembered, but insisted: 'It was no play, I really wanted to get out.'"

It was just as well that Munro did not give up that frustrating day in 1968, because his day was not to be long delayed. At the 1969 Liberal leadership convention, he at first supported Allan Rock. When MacEwen was out of the race, Munro threw his support behind Pierre Elliott Trudeau, who subsequently bestowed on him, at 37, the health and welfare portfolio.

The way in which Munro has conducted himself in the portfolio can best be understood in the words of a bartender named Alex, who works in a pub across the street from Munro's old high school. It was sitting in there one night discussing politics with a couple of friends Alex, who was serving our table, picked up on the conversation and went into a usual truck against politicians. "They don't give a damn about the average Joe," he said. "They all got pockets that say 'Lass he heard Munro's name announced. That's a different story,' he said. 'That guy sure had an extra nerve in his life, but he'd been his best for anybody. He did for me, I was up to my neck in trouble, hardly knew him, but went to see him anyway, and he bailed me out. The only thing he wanted in return was to burn a couple of cigarettes. He was trying to get out and didn't have any eye for him.'"

HOW TO REVIVE A THREATENED ECONOMY

Make the money prettier

The Bank of Canada in its wisdom has restored the Canadian \$10 bill. Her Majesty The Queen has been debased in favor of Sir John A. Macdonald and on the flip side the view of the Rocky Mountains has been replaced by a psychosocial plant in Berni, Ontario. The change is predictable enough but the question one wants to ask is why does our currency have to be so boring? Moreover debasing one major currency for heaven's sake! With this in mind Macdonald's asked how major Canadian artists to redesign the already redesigned Canadian \$10 bill. This is where they misapprehend him, then



HAROLD TOWN'S \$10 BILL

Scratch, dough, puff, bread, smelt, ferns, bricks, ferns, or the 18th-century euphemism "salads," call it what you may it is still money, and the appearance of the new Canadian version, especially the recently raised larger denomination, is a national disgrace. Tawdry in concept, inept in design, sick in color, and totally unbelievable in choice of views of this country, the Bank of Canada has produced a thalidomide combination of play money and cereal-box-coupon art. Money is serious. Hardly anything in Canada is seen or used more often under such diverse conditions. Paper money should instantly communicate its message, and there is only one practical message: Dominion. The materials on our bills are difficult to read. Each remark should be the full height of the bill in opposite ends of both sides. Our currency is printed in different colors to aid in identification of denomination, a scribble idea which in practice is useless because the watery colors of nearly identical tone blend together under certain fluorescent lights. If we must have porcupins and landscapes, then let's have Carter, Tom Thomson, Baring or Morley Callaghan, and something other than the bleak Siberian prairie scenes currently favored. The hideous combination of optical whirl and heraldic design on the new currency is disastrous. Canadian soup should be either traditional or contemporary, it cannot be both. The complicated engraving on currency was initially created to confound counterfeiters. This trend play is medieval in concept since the hardest single element to fake in the counterfeit product is the paper. Any back can make a possible engraving with the equipment available today. What we need is a unique formula for paper, containing secret combinations of trace elements that can be detected instantly on a simple machine the size of a postal meter. Folding money should be printed on material indigenous to this century, some rare combination of plastics and wonder substances that will resist wear and degradation.



GORDON RAYNER'S \$10 BILL

When I was a kid, every bill was a "clam." I'm not sure how this came about, but there are faint memories of gangster film jargon. Humphrey Bogart spitting out something about "Give da kid 20 clams and get some bugs." Maybe, in those days, money was used more frugally, kept in the purse and pocket a lot longer and got "clearing." Who knows? Anyway, I came upon a lovely antique label from Clam Harbor, Nova Scotia, and couldn't resist converting it. If we are to realize ourselves as a country with respect for, but independent of, others, surely our money should be very different (as well as other national symbols). No guns and absolutely no politicians. Put the artists on the bills. That's as close as they will ever get to big money anyway. Puts on the 20 Bank pilots on the five. The greatest Eskimo carvers on the 50, and so on. And rather than the signatures of governors and deputies, use the signatures of the artists. The Artists' Jam Band in this case. From left to right, pure sterling: Gerald McAdams, playing vibes, Gordon Rayner, on drums, Nubuo Kabato, on soprano saxophone, Graham Coughtry, on trombone, Jim Jones, electric bass, Terry Pomstar, acoustic bass, Ken Baldwin, tenor saxophone, Michael Sarason, the other drummer, and Robert Markle at the keyboard. I'm sure they would be harder to forge. Aren't you?



KEN DANDY'S \$10 BILL

Change the new Canadian \$10 bill by all means but make the change more practical than radical. Rule out changing the shape — the international consequences would be too complicated and you'd end up having to change the shape of cash registers too. The colors of the new \$10 bill are pleasant enough but the design is simply dreadful. Clean it up, open it up, and integrate both sides. Drop the coat of arms, because it doesn't add to the appearance of the bill and it honors Britain and France more than it honors us. Drop the fancy wiggly lines, which look as if they were put there by a child's sprogaph. Keep Sir John A. Macdonald on side one (he's solid enough) but loosen him up, make him more informal, more human in keeping with the clean, contemporary design ideas. Get rid of all excess information on the bill. The bill should say that it is Canadian and show its denomination bilingually. Little more. Side two shows my painting *Silver River*, not simply because it is an Air Canada jet but because it is a work of art. Each denomination should show a different work of art by a different Canadian artist. There is no reason why Canadian artists shouldn't have their work on money. It is both a way of giving their work international exposure and making art the national symbol instead of a petrochemical plant. Also, art is hard to counterfeit. In the design I've included a method of coordinating both sides. If you were to hold the Ken Danby bill to the light, the single denomination circle (beside Sir John A.'s portrait) would be an exact registration with the corresponding two circles on the reverse side. About eight of an inch separates the middle circle from the other two. Add to this a watermark in the paper to correspond to the design and you've got yourself money that is almost impossible to counterfeit. All in all you end up with a practical solution to a national problem.



WILLIAM KURELEK'S \$10 BILL

Actually for my \$10 bill to have full and proper meaning I would have to redesign all the other denominations, too. This is simply because I have conceived the design in terms of a series, in this case a pioneer series. Each of the main Canadian ethnic groups would be ranked according to numbers and date of arrival in Canada and would be represented on a different denomination. Thus the French would be on the one-dollar bill, British on the two, Germans on the five, Ukrainians on the \$10 bill. The design would incorporate the art and cultural symbols of each group. For example, the British would have a motif embroidered of roses, thistles and shamrocks, the Ukrainians of cross-stitch hand embroidery.

On the front of each denomination would be represented symbolically the tools of each group's main pioneer occupation. In the case of the French it would be fur trading, farming, masonry work and ruling. The Ukrainians' pioneer labor on farm, bush, railroad and in construction gangs would be symbolically represented by a pitchfork, sawdust, sledgehammer and spade. The goods produced by this work are depicted as going into the heart of the country to create forth as currency. On the reverse side would be a scene showing the origin of each group and how it accepts British citizenship (represented here, I think, by a portrait of the Queen). In the case of the Ukrainians they were at first recognized as "the men in sheepskin coats." Therefore I've chosen a picture from the National Archives photographic record showing such a party of Ukrainians, just as they arrive in their adopted country where they will settle to work the West's virgin lands. Up till now Canadian money design has featured symbolic figures and scenery. I'm trying to say it should be people, real people and their hard work which brings a nation's prosperity.

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MY CANADA from page 19

Elizabeth They slip into the first-class cabin for some cigars and Latture is just wondering why a fat man in a black velvet cape is watching them intently through his pince-nez when he feels himself quickly losing consciousness. The guards wake him and insist on getting him on the Ocean Liner. He is just pulling out of Leno when he discovers one of the mysterious women's earrings in his pants' second spent coat.

"Funny," he muses, "I don't remember anything about this." He awakes it on the off chance that he will see her again in Montreal or Toronto. But he is not destined to get that far. While lying in his room and watching Thom Pridgen slip away into the night, there is a knock on his door. It is Ultra Zia Zia. But no sooner does he open the door than two squeaky-eyed thugs are upon him. They hustle him off the train at St. Jerome-de-Rimouski and drive him by closed limousine along back roads to a business and industrial villa in the Madawaska Valley. The villa is owned by a giant pulp cartel with offices in Edmonton, New Brunswick. After the fat man in the cape threatens him with torture he manages to escape through the woods to Edmonton itself, where he runs into a daring girl reporter who before the end of the book will be in the clutches of the Ultra Zia Zia who has a few quarks of her own etc. etc.

Well, that's not your Canada or mine. It is especially not the Canada of any fanpage with a reasonable grasp of reality. That it aces to say that these stories are not possible in some way. Surely there was shoot-outs in the old west, a third of more since had a night in Ottawa that was a far stretch more weird than the one described, and during the war at least one German spy was captured on the Ocean Liner. But they are not necessarily possible.

Apart from the trivial/poetry problem this lack of identity is not entirely bad. The only other big problem the writer has is that since no one knows what Canada is or what Canadians do so one will buy books about it. The great American writer, Edmund Wilson, suggested in his book *O Canada* that Morley Callaghan's novels never sold well in the U.S. because Americans couldn't understand the endings. That sort of thing doesn't make for best sellers.

Of course, the advantage is that the writers have the publishing job of making the definition of the country, perhaps even changing Canadians. To put a sick and overripe phrase in it Morley Callaghan's words mostly end with a line of "poignant paradox."

Many Canadians always believed that the affairs of men ended in "poignant paradoxes." But only some of them. Did the writings of Morley Callaghan alter the world view of most Canadians? For a moment we that the story he tells describes the world truly. But Americans do not understand the world. Americans like stories in which a story which is then resolved with either a happy or sad ending that proves or disproves some social theory. I've oversimplified that, too, but it contains a grain of truth. I think they are willing to expect answers in that way, but for a Canadian Morley Callaghan knew my road before I was born.

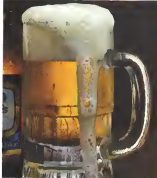
The job of the writer in Canada is not only to tell the housewife in Saskatoon that Candide still is in Halifax, but to tell her why and to what ways she is different from a housewife in Denver. And why it is worth staying different. He must tell her what a Canadian husband wars from his, what their children will want, why she wakes up at three in the morning and what to do about it. He must tell her that a great love story is possible in this land, a love different from all other loves, a love that is the same.

All the writers have to do this and the painter and the composer. Of course you have to read our work and look at it and listen to it, but while we're writing it there are lots of works already done, enough to keep you looking in yourself for quite a while. How much Morley Callaghan have you read? Or Hugh MacLennan? (How much have I?) Do you own a Canadian printing? Do you listen to Canadian music? Yes, Anne Murray is a fine beginning.

The Canada of the road is a big land, much bigger than we sometimes admit. At a glance it looks like a quiet, snow-covered countryside — perhaps a great deal of water. (Who said that and what does it mean?) But if you come into that landscape and walk around a bit you'll find all sorts of interesting things going on. No shoot-outs in high noon in Moose Jaw and no sinister women on the Ocean Liner. But off in a corner there's a man who could tell you about a dark night of the soul that would stand Dostoevski's hair on end. In Ottawa. ■



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STANFIELD from page 34

which I would like to ask and which he might not care to answer. He nodded pleasantly, half smiling as though he knew what was coming.

I asked him whether he believed that he will someday become prime minister — whether he felt a sense of destiny — or whether he was simply content to lead his party for better or for worse — and he paused for a very long time, perhaps two or three minutes, gazing out the window. I wondered whether he had heard or whether he was ignoring the question, but I waited, and eventually he began to talk, still gazing at the blackness of the window. He told me he didn't want to become prime minister badly enough to go after it with the single-minded intensity of a Kennedy or a Nixon.

"I want it," he said, "but only on my own terms."

I asked him whether he thought this was enough, whether this was what the people of Canada deserved for their logical alternative to Prime Minister Trudeau. The question again seemed to make both of us uneasy. I'm loathe to talk, to be understood, wanted it very badly, and that the unfulfilled desire itself was part of the barrier between Stanfield and the public.

The strength began to decrease and the conversation was over. I hadn't taken notes because the moment seemed too fragile, yet I felt he wanted to talk, to be understood, wanted it very badly, and that the unfulfilled desire itself was part of the barrier between Stanfield and the public.

I suggested, then, that we complete our brief, informal conversation, that we be under relaxed circumstances, and that it be tape-recorded. He agreed readily. And I found myself sitting with him, one morning a few weeks later, in the seclusion of his home in Ottawa's Rockcliffe.

I switched on the tape recorder and for three hours we talked, sometimes surprisingly, sometimes with mutual annoyance.

"I wouldn't be surprised to accept the prime ministership," he told me, or to run a campaign under circumstances that would involve serious damage to the country and to the prospects of the country. Okay, I have no last for power. I'm not going to die in unhappy ruin if I don't become prime minister of this country, and if I do become prime minister I will regard it as a very heavy responsibility.

continued on page 48



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STANFIELD continued

ability to carry but on the other hand, if you are suggesting that I am on this thing just for some personal sense of duty or someone suggested that I have a sort of apocalyptic view of society, that one not goes into the church and one goes into politics and so on, that's sheer bologna."

"If, I interpreted, you got all there and told me that you won't do unhappy if you don't become prime minister, should you be the leader of the opposition?"

"You draw a check at first. You talking to you in personal terms, he said, "in terms of my personal attitudes."

"Yes, but your personal attitudes affect the whole country."

"The check ended abruptly. "I'm trying to give you honest answers to your questions," he said, "and when I say that I won't do unhappy without becoming prime minister I'm answering your question in the terms in which you ask me."

"You're speaking in terms of my personal attitudes, doesn't you know, whether I bared for power or had a genuine desire to become prime minister. I gave you honest answers to those questions. You said — I don't intend to be — 100% status-free, I'm the leader of a party and I have no fight as a political politician, but I'm not going to get involved in answering Pierre Elliott Trudeau because I don't think it would work, and because I don't intend to do it any more."

"Now, in terms of fighting Trudeau," he continued, "in terms of the condition of this country, in terms of getting things corrected and on the right course, that's an entirely different thing. Why the hell do you think I'm going through what a leader of the opposition has to go through — and I'm not complaining about this — unless I want to do something about it? I'm in this thing. I can't deeply about this country. Whether I'm the only guy who can do it or not is irrelevant in the present circumstances. I'm the guy who's there. I'm the guy who's leader of the opposition. I'm the guy who has the responsibility not only in terms of leading the party across but I'm the guy who's going to carry the main responsibility for answering Trudeau."

"Fine, but there is the Stanfield promise. I don't believe that I'm the only man who's capable of governing this country, but I do say that I'm more convinced than ever that the country is being badly governed under Trudeau and I'm by no means convinced he's unbearable in the upcoming election."

But by now the forbidding, battle-hardened intonation has begun to crack and even the door Stanfield is beginning to reveal — if reluctantly — the dimensions of his own fondly. The recognition seems to sway him, but he can no longer ignore it.

Stanfield is, then, a captive of his ambivalence toward power. But the captivity is, at least in part, a matter of choice. He has the equipment to mount a savage offense.

In his appearances at the Ottawa Press Gallery's annual dinner he has made mention of Trudeau with stinging wit and repartee, and reporters began to wonder why he didn't use this new and barbaric hidden sense of humor more often. I asked him about this ability to turn situations on and why he used it so rarely.

"Well," he drawled, "I don't think there's all that much difference from most speeches I've been making. I want to level with you. Let's go back to the business of turning the electorate on. I started off in the 1968 campaign discussing issues and whatnot, and there was some humor in what I was saying, but the only time the press seemed to think that I was turning anybody on was in a speech I made in St. Catharines. There was a certain amount of emotional content — in fact I said some things that were, to be perfectly frank about it, that I thought were pretty funny. But I thought I'd try it. I don't mean to suggest it was overdone — it was about Canada in fairly general terms but, you know, highly emotional terms."

"What did this emotional content do to your audience?"

"I don't know if it was the audience or me as the press."

"What did it do to the press, then?"

"Well, after said it was the first decision that Stanfield's getting through."

Earlier he told me that when he first arrived in Ottawa, in 1967, he felt that the issues facing the nation were serious, and that both politicians and the press would be willing to listen to serious debate. He was wrong. "They weren't prepared to listen to them, particularly in terms in which I was discussing. Quite frankly it's become apparent that a good crack is worth a thousand arguments. For example a crack that a world is possible to eliminate nuclear is Cliche. By making several adjustments in the temperature was probably worth more than anything else I said in connection with disarmament."

I asked him what sort of campaign he planned to run this time, and

continued on page 50

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STANFIELD continues

whether he would reveal his real self, his real emotion to the people who make most — the voters.

"I'm not afraid of revealing genuine emotion at all. But you started off by asking me if I thought of myself, as a leader of the opposition, whether I had any moments feeling that being prime minister of the country was so on, and I felt very strongly when I came here in 1957 that I could contribute something in connection with what I considered to be the basic difficulties of the country. I'm even more convinced that this is so because of the Tradesman record. I'm even more convinced that I was basically right in my approach of 1958. I'm not thinking of myself in terms of continuing as leader of the opposition. I repeat again, I don't think I'm the only one in the country capable of governing, but, once again, I'm the head of the national party and I think I'm on the right track, so let's get that settled. But when you ask me if I was prepared to accept power on any terms I told you I was not, and I'm not. I wouldn't be prepared to accept power or accept the prime ministerial office to run a coun-

sign under circumstances that I believed would involve serious damage to the country and to the prospects of the country. You know, we talked about motivation and I think I answered your questions very frankly regarding motivation. Now you're raising questions about commitment.

"You see," he continued a little later, "this is one of the things. The press, the public get a certain attitude in their minds and it takes a little doing to get it out — people quickly get an impression of a rational leader and it's a little difficult to change it. Now most people, most reporters who make comments about me and my public appearances, have been to very few of them."

It seemed to me, as I sat there listening to Stanfield, that the former premier of Nova Scotia has spent the past four years feeling his way as opposition leader, and even if he doesn't particularly like what he's learned, at least he's learned. Yet he keeps stumbling over his own stammering. We spoke, for example, about occasions when he has had — at least in the view

continued on page 52



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Many

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"Toasts used to be common when they just sat up and begged. Now they expect a 1980 throne."

of essay observers — chances to do more damage to the Liberals than he chose to, and here is where he began to sound more like a perpetual student than a politician.

One of those was in February, 1988, when Lester Pearson was still prime minister and his minority government lost a vote as so important to Trudeau. It appeared to many that Stanfield had the government dead and could force it to resign. He disengaged Pearson by visiting him at the time and, when he returned, he pleaded with Stanfield for a 24-hour period to cool things off. Stanfield granted that, Pearson went on television with one of the most impressive performances of his career. The moment passed, although at that point Stanfield had the gambler with him if he could have gained the support of other opposition parties.

"I'm pretty doubtful about that, really," he said. "I think it's true that Mr. Pearson used the needs effectively on that occasion to put his side of it across, and I think I would admit that we did not use the media to greatest effect at the time. I'm by no means convinced we could have upset the government, even assuming for the moment that it would have been

desirable to do so. Our legal position was not airtight. Mr. Pearson had resigned (the Liberal leadership, the Liberals had not yet held their convention [he died] Trudeau is successor to Pearson) and the country was in a very serious financial situation which was duly getting worse. It's possible if we'd brought down the government we could have brought down the country with it."

So, once again, he didn't act more the politician than the politician?

"Well I haven't come to that yet. I'm saying that as a politician my judgment was then and is now that public opinion would have run increasingly strong against us. I know a lot of people said we had the government by the throat, but I think it was a very simplistic analysis of the situation."

"Now is so what was in the best interests of the country, that's a different matter."

But what Stanfield thinks has him more was the effect of the FLQ kidnappings and Trudeau's use of the War Measures Act.

"I've been sitting for some time that if you got Trudeau down to around 40% of the Gallup Poll and

we got up around 35% or 34% — the whole ball game would have changed, because the general public — at least those who follow things — would have recognized the big minority he had compared to us. This is the country as a whole it was at least a minority government situation. Well, we got to that point just prior to the Quebec crisis where he was down 42% to 43% and we were around 32% — all it hadn't been for the bloody Quebec business we would have been in the ball game by this time."

"You had an opportunity there to do Trudeau serious damage," I ventured.

"Well, first of all, it had never occurred to me until he said it that the War Measures Act would be considered an appropriate measure for dealing with the matter. Although there were terrible things going on in Quebec, and I quite appreciate the anxiety of the people there, but when it was first suggested, when there were rumors around the parliament building a day or so before it happened that the government was considering invoking the War Measures Act, it just seemed incredible. It had never occurred to me that this was as ap-

propriate measure for dealing with the problem."

"When the measure was invoked, I expressed reservations about it, doubt about it. We asked Trudeau at the time whether he'd give some assurance that some different measure would be introduced within a period of time. He refused. Over the weekend Pierre Laporte was killed and we had a good many discussions among ourselves and we decided that if we could get assurance from the government that they would introduce a more limited measure within, say, a month, that on that basis the government deserved some preliminary trust — and we got that assurance."

"If you ask me about the party, I don't think, frankly, that the party would have supported an act in voting against the invocation of the War Measures Act at that time. In the light of events over that weekend I think that's clearly so. The mood of the country was overwhelmingly in favor of the government taking severe firm action."

"I think now things could have been quelled down with less drastic measures. The police picked up about 450 people, charges were laid against 34, serious charges and, apart from

those involving the murder of Laporte, you know they really haven't amounted to anything. The conspiracy charges have been dismissed and I think it was a further instance of confrontation, of escalation and backsliding."

If Stanfield thinks that municipalities has no plan in politics, that style is also irrelevant, he must feel as someone between about the fact that Trudeau uses them so well. For Stanfield, undoubtedly, thinks that Trudeau has been bad for the country. He feels Trudeau has polarized and alienated Canada, that he has weakened Canada's economy. He is angry about Trudeau's apparent refusal to search with any sincerity, for a constitutional solution to the problem of Quebec.

"Trudeau's policy has been to confront his opponents, people who differ with him," Stanfield believes. "He's tended to polarize people between those who agree with him and those who don't, and anyone who doesn't agree with him is a separatist. This tendency to drive federation who are really federalists, but with a different attitude from Trudeau's, tends to drive them at least into alliance with the separatists."

"You have someone governments in Quebec requesting additional authority in the federal area — Maurice Duplessis, Jean Lesage, Dan Johnson, and now the fellow who's regarded as the most moderate of all, Robert Bourassa. This isn't something that can be dismissed as a kind of regional oral thing. It's been going on for quite some time."

"I felt we should try to see if there is a constitutional solution. Mr. Trudeau has now made a pretty clear that he never really believed there was — he seems to be taking the attitude that this is so and it doesn't really matter I think it matters."

"What," I asked, "do you think your chances will be in the forthcoming election?"

"If Trudeau is reelected," he said, "in my opinion it will be because of the division of the opposition vote. Not because of any strength of his own."

"What," I asked, "do you think the government's chances will be in the forthcoming election?"

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Yeller and red, a brick house. Took a pair of black daisies and the saved a whole strap of cotton up each side. And this is what I did my first performance in the theatre with. And I love the necklace in there. So that's how I put a value on things. When I was 16, I used to drink in painting a little bit, and I won first prize with one, in an exhibition in Louisville, where I used to sit out on 62 main street of Buffalo. It's important to have my life about me. Sentimental value."

Very little survives in the case of

his own family. Over a little black paneboard-board book, there's a card neatly typed in cursive: *copied my dad's music book, but this is the only reference he makes anywhere to the man who left his family when Hank Snow was eight. Elsewhere, there's a secondhand garb he bought his mother in hard times. His plan that the only family he was born to without regret is the family of the Country, the isolated family that makes every country singer repeat like a litany, "Good ole country people are the same everywhere."*



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And that's why Hank Snow stays in Nashville. He stays to be near his family. And, as an entirely self-made man, he stays to be near the past he never lost, but which he has built for himself on the cultural soil at his house out of the quads and quads and yards of the country heritage.

There's "Uncle" Dave Mazon, a silver dealer, Red Foley's cuff links, comedian Red Burdette's boots, Marjorie Haskins' belt, Ben Russell's gloves and necktie, Patsy Cline's belt, Hank Williams' hat, and two dogs and a pipe and a mailbox that belonged to Frances Rodgers. They're all dead now. Some went far back to the days of the Carter Family and sheep-skin writing, and their deaths scattered country music to modernity and adulthood. Others died of stardom and the road, or the lingering disease of early poverty. They survive as touchstone moments in Hank Snow's house.

"If he sings you Madeline's River, you'll fall in love with him. And nobody sings it better'n him, save only one. And that's Anne Rodgers," declares a Kentucky Magazine boy, gripping up the mold for drinking but very thoughtful. The Bardwell's Companion. He's up in White Lady now, and looking fast. "Listen, I know your country music. I proposed to my old lady in the middle of the Hank Williams Story, 'til I knew." Though he died in 1955, before Hank Snow had recorded his first record, Anne Rodgers has always been important to him, the ideal father he never had. Rodgers was the man who invented the country success story. He was born in Meriden, Mississippi, in 1907, and saw the henky-benky and boob camps and work gangs of the south working as bricklayers and conductors for the southern railroad companies. Then in 1925 he contracted tuberculosis. He took up music, first on tour in the mountains as a blackface comedian, then as a regular performer on an Asheville, North Carolina, radio station. He was named for the Victor Talking Machine Company in 1927 at Bristol, Tennessee, and the myth of the country-boy-made-good began. For six years, until his death in New York's Tull Hotel in 1953, the Singing Brakeman set the pattern of commercial success and personal apathy. Snow has his serious end today.

Hank Snow still heard Moonlight and Dixie in 1930. Like many poor old country boys, he first learned guitar by playing songs to the records on his T. Eaton System. And his curly style owes a lot to those Jimmie Rodgers songs of railroads and sweet-

hearts and regret. He even confesses that there are certain words he still can't say except the famous Rodgers way, like "dixie" with a half-said *ee* in the *d*. But he took something else from the records and from Rodgers' life, a vision of success being paid for in hard hours, a sort of escapism through suffering. It was that that sustained him through her stardom in Wheeling, West Virginia, a disastrous attempt at the golden age in California, and 135 years in Dallas. He still says, with pride, that he takes a quarter, and quotes anecdotes of perseverance from a book called *Thirties and Grows Rich*. It's as if Rodgers presided over his success like a tutelary deity and Hank Snow, in return, his son-in-law on the mantle of the succession. Next door to his son, Jimmy Rodgers Snow, born in a Salvation Army charity ward in Hillfax, the Singing Ranger now lives out precisely the kind of life he did might have lived but for success: an airport, visiting his full of the good and dedicated to preserving the country heritage, his house, with its old photographs and saddles and plaques, is both a museum and a sacrifice.

On Opey nights, the streets of Nashville are as grand and shiny as a painted woman. Along Broadway, the neon signs flash and beckon. *WHEELER'S FURNITURE COMPANY, LUMBERCOAST RESTAURANT* ("Where The Opry Stars Meet To Eat"). The people mill about Opry Place in their blazers and bowties and smart patent handbags, the men-shaking down their hair in the storefront windows, the women waiting and wondering with the distracted air of someone who wants to get a souvenir at the Tennessee Gift Shop when all her old ones were in a hurry at Tootsie's Orchid Lounge. Smart Nashville is a world away, cutting off related places at the Captain's Table, or the handwashing for office or school at the Hermitage Hotel, where the State Chambers have their headquarters. But then the people of the Opry aren't like Meade Country Club people. Their Country is not clipped and idealized neo-golf courses and riding rows.

The Grand Ole Opry is the longest running radio show in the United States, and over the years, through the Depression and on, it's become the Astrofemine, Madison Square Garden and Capitol Hill of country music. Every Friday and Saturday the company still pickup trucks and hot rods converge on a like never to a jam jar. There's a million radio sets on the clock for every 2,000 who come, and by 5:30, when the doors open, the streets are full of excited and anxi-

ous. Hank serves on a relief job and sleeping flat all the way. Backstage it's chaos, address and name and stepbonds and guards arriving around, poking up a cup of lemonade from the barrel in the wings or just chatting about the family and friends and the last done on the road. And through the sponsored half hours of tapes, from Brechtel Clothing Tobacco to Stewart Ward Clothes to Shoney's Big Boy Restaurants, five hours in all, five hours of music and dreams fulfilled. This is where Hank Snow came in, 23 years ago about to

the day, a diminutive Canadian picker and podder with a nonconformist from Ernest Tubb. When the curtains part for the Kellogg's half hour at 9:30, the guitars are already shimmering out the introduction to I'm Movin' On, perhaps the most famous song in country and western history, and the audience is already yelling. The spotlight flicks on, and there he is, the *su alar alar* cowboy in a trademark Hollywood vision of the Old West, in line green with rhyolite roses and rhinestones close with the light.



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ANNE MURRAY from page 20

Steen Adams, who would later write *On Death* for the *Bell*, and her brother, Rhymer, from Yarmouth-Dartmouth-Halifax who wrote *No One Is To Blame* for *Anne* (For we are only meant to be And as one is to blame) But it was the great blind fiddler, Fred McKenna, who put it all there and groined and seemed to know what everything was all about who married that the doctor's daughter from Springfield and anyone else who heard (and still hears) him would never be the same again.

Just before *Anne* reached Halifax, CBC-TV in Toronto decided to be rash and young and put a rock-and-roll show on the network every weekday afternoon from five-thirty to six. It came on after *Michelle* Finney and Howard The Turtle on *Kitchie Ditchie* and it was called *Mean Street*. The idea was to bring teenagers into Top 40 rounds on successive days in Halifax, Montreal, Toronto, Winnipeg and Vancouver. Only, in Toronto, they were going to have a live band, Big Brother Toronto. There are no air stations in Halifax, so you guys make sure you stick to records. That got you to show how much you know.

Because by then the blues in the largest black settlement in Canada was beginning to get public, with the help of a little Nova Scotia Light and Power. *Mean Street* started out in Halifax in the winter of 1964 according to the Toronto Rule Book, but eventually produced Murray Pilon couldn't help himself. His part of the series was called *Frank's Show* after how Frank Cameron, a Halifax disc jockey, had right away it

started Brian Adams and The Offbeats who played for the *Bell*, and her brother, Rhymer (McKenna) and great black performers like Dory Wells and the Roadrods to produce the new *Black-Tax Sound*. But it was a lot named Roger Grey, a black dancer, who won the show's National Songwriting Contest top song for 1966 and finally told Toronto where to go. What can you do? That I can't do? Great! Just over that one. But Brian Adams felt that *Maritime* talent deserved more than ordinary 95-cent records in the drugstore of the country. Rule Number Two was his: "Make a five-year plan." He left for Toronto.

I like recording best. In the studio something happens," says Adams in his leather chair, drawing an imaginary thought ray out from the middle of his forehead with his forefinger. "Between Brian and me. But he's the one who had the plan."

Brian Adams and I grew up about two blocks from each other, but we didn't know each other well, we went to different schools. When we were 11 or so he used to drive around town on a special bicycle with a transistor radio screwed into its handlebar wearing a red scarf and a headlamp with WFLB (Halifax) fringe. And once, in our early teens, I met him standing with his guitar in the middle of South Street at dusk in the fog ringing *How Cheaper*. He was a weird kid, but fun.

In 1967 Brian left Halifax for Toronto with the feeling he was running to something rather than from something. (continued on page 66)

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thing else. He got a job with Bill Gold at Art Records and Ray Station and set about teaching himself how to produce records. His early work was at a garage artist.

"You have to be careful. Because once you get it together enough to develop your own learning process, making a lead, you have to be opening up as many options as possible, and calculating the appetite of the music machine, there aren't too many other things left to say about what you're really doing."

He's got a serious, enigmatic way hard eyes, big producer in the country, involved with Trish McKenzie, house at Rosedale, pool table at front room with bright overheads, mid-punk-fusion, phage, long indie drink covered with chords, vinyl, Brian tape recorder, huge man, 30 years, Tosh is in Bklyn taping *Sleeping John Allen Cameron* in from Ottawa, staying here while they finish his album after he's in Columbia. *Allen's going to LA, wonder what song Longtrack wants to use for the special album's going to be no less for it now anyway, worry Where's the joy guy?*

"Taking credit for things depletes your energies," he says.

In a quiet, monotonous, but alert voice, he will talk about formulating and manifesting his data. No one knows yet what he means by that. As a producer he's advanced to the point where the technology defines the art. Many synthesizers, Dolby noise-reduction system, and 32-input boards. He says *Allen's music works on two levels*: "The first swallow and swallow of the mind, the second in the hand." With the next three albums he plans to introduce more and more of this second level into *Allen's* music, ending up with "longer cuts and states." At the moment he provides about three quarters of his music. Sunday he wants to use the world as his studio ("I don't see any difference between anything. It's all one big throbbing zone to me.") First the Maritimes, then the world.

He called Anne in the spring of 1989 to ask her to do an album for him with him. She was teaching physics in Summerside after finishing up her degree at the University of New Brunswick.

"Toronto was terrifying the first time out," says Anne. "It was a whole world. After here, LA was nothing."

The first time out to LA, to tape Anne's album with Glen Campbell, between Skipper Bechworth and the rest of the band were picked up by a private limousine at the airport and a

big-and-black-Cadillac-Star thing happened to everybody for the first time too. Cruise on down into Tinseltown. City everybody was staring to find Big Time Money Friendly People in the other lanes kept moving and grinding back to see who the audience was all about and well didn't get back to his about three? Slowing down, there was a red light flashing at the intersection ahead. But one guy was so far into the star parking he went on through the light and hit another car at about 65. A woman and her 16-year-old daughter were thrown out of the car on impact. So much for LA. After that everyone got back into what Matthew Bandini is all about. But that was before Christmas. This time the band isn't going to LA.

"Two Toronto's my recipe from there, the most you like the Maritimes used to be from here," Anne says. "I'm beginning to like it here, though."



"I don't feel I've deserted my roots at all."

is spite of myself. But I hardly ever get out, except to see friends."

She grim, almost shyly, looks at the chair from one slouch to another, resting his legs at the knee. "People aren't the least bit afraid to walk up and introduce themselves to me, especially kids I like kids. That's why I'm working for the Retarded Children's Association. But I don't like being used by journalists. You know, in some kind of weird way, I'm a consumer. I just want to share some joy with other people. That's all."

But it can't be helped, it's already happened. This week in late February her album with Glen Campbell is number five on the country and well on charts of North America. In the States they call her *Anne's* true to the Johnny Cash in America tradition. Perhaps it's because down there the values she represents are considered if not obsolete, but thanks to the mass

acceptance of the monically simple but technically stunning *Answered*, she's in an artistic position here. In Canada everybody says her, she's taken over as All-Canadian Girl from Nancy Green, they've made a movie, *Peacetime*, based on what seems to be a running joke pitting of Anne and Shelly Long, instead of winning in the dance with mystery, sophistication and distance, Anne has done it with friendliness, freedom and naturalness.

She's forced now to count and for the past two years she's been *WPMI* magazine's *Just* word as Canada's top female vocalist. She's the biggest artist on Capitol Records (Canada), and, twice she's left *Any* and joined with Capitol, Canada is one of the biggest major record companies in the country. And who knows? Maybe she's Miss Supermodel, the girl next door. *Falchik*, at least, she comes off as the young woman who, if she doesn't know where she's going, doesn't know who she is and where she's from. And everybody knows that it never was.

"I don't feel I've deserted my roots at all. It's more that I'm entering as a performer. We've brought our roots with us, inside ourselves."

There's an incredible amount of emotional energy present when eight guys stand around a control room during a final mix, watching each other to make sure no one blinks. You have to be close. The "we" begins with *Business Investments Ltd.*, a corporation formed using Anne, manager *Rumbeke*, and television producer *Longtrack*. *Business* takes care of personal appearances, promotion, and all of Anne's business arrangements, including records and television specials. The creative side of the operation is *Happy Star Productions*, a company formed by producer-manager *Allen* and bandleader-arranger *Skip Bechworth*. Good friends of everybody in the Murray operation are *CBC* producer *Allen Salton*, an ex-Hungarian, and *Capitol Records* through executive producer *Paul White*. *Business-Skipper* also manage and produce old friend *John Allen Cameron*, who has just finished *Get There By Dawn*, the first of a series of albums for Columbia that could break anywhere from *CHUM FM* to *WWVA-AM*. This is the first time anyone has recorded the man's music seriously. But that's where the company interest between these two companies stops. Because the TV special and Anne's new album both have to be done by April 25.

Everybody is the only has a pre-confirmed on page 68

People don't talk much about VD they just get it, and maybe die from it!

Science has known how to cure syphilis since 1909 and gonorrhea since 1943. Yet Canada is in the middle of a VD epidemic. What's even worse is this: more than 30,000 Canadians are walking around with gonorrhea and most of them don't even know it.

Most people are totally ignorant about venereal disease. And they're too embarrassed to ask. So we've written a booklet on the subject. But it's not just another boring booklet telling you VD is bad. It's filled with answers to blunt questions like these: If I kiss a person can I get syphilis? How would I ever know if I had VD?

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rate helped gain home to Halifax except Bill Langstaff, but it's doubtful anyone will be beside the sea for a while yet. Toronto is everybody's compromise. Langstaff, who wears sharp red clothes in the old days of the group, wants to pursue LA, the Campbell show, Capitol (U.S.), and Baltimore's hard representative there. Meanwhile, Allen's got Tessa Mann going, which features the work of young Canadian songwriters such as Jane MacLellan, Steve Kyrner, Nina, and the Campbell show. Toronto and Halifax mean Robbie MacNeil and Eason

Sound, Toronto, here in Canada, does more than half of its business with Happy Sex. Eastern provinces engineer Chris Skene, and engineers Miles Wilkinson and Ian Goggin work directly for Happy Sex.

Anne's last album came to \$30,000 in production costs alone and she's committed to do two a year. But if you're going to get the best around, you're going to have to pay for it. They hang out at George's Nightclub in Toronto, The Castle George in Toronto. With Skipper's boss, Brian and Miles on guitar. Andy Cree on drums,

Bill Spear's keyboards and the host of the rest around, including Ronnie Bucklow and The All Walks of Life. Chorus Guy Murmurens who happen into the studio as a given necessary arrival. The 10 bottles around picks up where the good old boys leave off.

"If somebody opens a door for you," says Skipper, "you're crazy not to use the space behind it."

He's the only one of the razor crowd who has paid his dues in full. (No kidding, he used to be a Youngsian councillor.) He's pure blue, says a spokeswoman who has the kind of talent that gets people working together happily and well. But Anne's only been in the business full time, full-out for two years, her management and production team right at home. (Most good lines — James Taylor-Carole King, Elton John — have been at it for 10 or 12.) Links most international above business associations, Baltimore Happy Sex, Toronto Eason Sound is having to pay its dues in public. It's the old familiar Canadian phenomenon of too much too fast. And right now Anne Murray is at the most crucial point of her singing career. She's sold more than a million copies of five albums since Showed largely on the strength of it. It's time for something new.

"What if I'd been the one who'd written *Showed*, instead of Gene? But I didn't and I haven't and I'm part of a big group." She gets very full. "Some people call us the Mary Jane Mafia. But I think we need a new name."

Certainly the most costly mismanagement decision in Anne's career so far has been one of the part of Capitol Records. Put Your Hand In The Wheel, another Jane MacLellan song, would have made it on the Top 40 if Capitol had done what everyone here wanted and released it as a single. But they left it on the album and by old Bill Gifford at Arc tripped through a "throwaway" single with the same group. Ocean, using the same arrangement in Anne's album version but with a similar rhythm track. Ocean's version sold three million, and there was a major bookkeeping expedient in Capitol (U.S.) over that. Gifford: "Our company has grown from a \$10,000 investment eight years ago in the idea that we could record Canadian artists and sell them on an international market. Now we're two million dollars a year."

You can be sure no one's going to hear Anne's new material this spring with the single as ready to break it up. The Canadian recording industry is two sharp for that. But the new song

hasn't happened yet, and every interview special creates its own problem. It's going to be a tough test.

"Anne"

It's Leonard at the top of the stairs with his watch. We've been at it for three hours. Anne's still in her chair, thinking. We've been a knot around it all afternoon, and now she's ready to let it out. She looks away at the door, concentrating, dreading. Then back to me, waiting for it.

"You know, it's all right." She breaks into a grin. "We're all staying here in Canada."

Sure, Anne, you're a great physical shape but you need new sails. And how can anyone possess something like that? She moves toward the door slowly, but someone inside her! I'm left with more questions and am thinking. The cultural tension between our regions holds the country together? How can we reconstitute their regional identities on their own ground? What's happens in the Atlantic province if Quebec separates? What's preserve our indigenous culture? Our generation, Anne's and mine. The group of people born five years on either side of 1946, the postwar babies, the people who turned 21 in Centennial Year at Expo, people who can remember that television hasn't always been here, the generation that has been given everything except time, people who have more time spent up as an fact, another new generation appears quarterly as the 1st parade shows change, the generation that has effectively eliminated the historical usefulness of categorizing people in generations, anyone whose voice is shaped by the land the way a leaf is shaped like a particular wind, we who are providing the transition between analysis and synthesis thought. The Last Generation.

At the top of the stairs, Anne's got a smile but on her mind, she's been working hard without a break for a long time now, she's had to break some verbal identity commitments, she can't go walking on the risk up the stairs often since she's been with the CBC. Langstaff's slow with the Canadian content in the script for the new special, *Anne's knowledge* (he says you can't add a new to write something he doesn't believe in, Skipper's idea is such in Wales as he and Brian are down there. Robbie MacNeil is a new artist, we have to go to LA on Sunday).

At the door with Leonard and Lynne Wilkins, she turns to me again. We don't have to pay Johnny Casanova anymore.

Don't forget that *Showed* sold a million copies before I left home. ■

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MOVE CANADIANS
DO THIS WAY
THAN ANY OTHER

Trent's population amounted to about 2,000 souls at the time, but Bob Stanfield was growing from infancy to boyhood, but it had as many house telephones as most towns of 10,000. It had its own street-lighting plant and 600 lights under the stars, its beautiful class and temples that brought unobscured shade to the people and the horses on its streets, and 132 of these lights were exceptionally handsome three globe clusters of the sort you might see in London, England, or Paris, France.

Yves would say that such facts could scarcely have interested the boy Bob Stanfield. Little boys do not ponder the satisfactory state of municipal affairs. They do not go to bed at night, reminding themselves that the Trent town council consists of one mayor, and two councillors from each of three wards. And yet . . . he was a Stanfield. He could not help but know that his father's opinions mattered a lot to whatever mayor and whatever six councillors he happened to be in office at any one time. Boys absorb some knowledge without ever trying.

Moreover, there's just the plain old educational fact of small-town life. The essential economic and social and political information in a Trent, NS — the number of towns, the number of street lights, the number of black neighborhoods, the fact that just about everyone spoke English and only English, the facts that the Presbyterian old members of the Anglicans was two to one and that there were only 400 Roman Catholics in the whole town, the fact that the 340 boys and girls who headed at the present normal school spent \$70,000 right here in Trent every year . . . these things were known to virtually everyone. They might amuse you even if they did not fascinate you. They were like movies about the scandals of the food rich known.

Such information becomes a part of your sense of place because the town is yours in a way in which no city ever belongs to anyone and, when you step out your front door and close it firmly behind you and walk along Prince Street and all the way down to the railroad station, you still have not even left your home, not entirely, because the whole town is a kind of extension of the house in Trent, this was particularly true if your name happened to be Stanfield.

THE BOY

"Bob was not an unusual boy in any way," his third and youngest brother

said half a century later. His name is Gordon D. Stanfield, but everyone calls him Pete. His voice is flat, dry, both assertive and quivering. It is unusually similar to Bob's radio voice, and he clearly did not want to grow an interview about their boyhood together. "He grew up normally. He generally didn't drag his kid brother along. [The interview] can't help my brother in any way politically. . . ."

Not an unusual boy in any way. He grew up normally. They all tell you the same thing. They're middle-aged men now, guys with mustaches and shiny heads of their own, and they've got jobs in car lots or tourist offices or soap companies and they, too, have been gone from Trent for a long time, and their two sons are already older than they were themselves in the time they knocked around with Bob Stanfield. They all say he was "fucking." He was "more or less of a

The father: "He never asked for advice, he gave it."



reserved type." Once you got to know him, and that did take a while, he was "an exceedingly fine fellow." He was not widely popular but he was certainly "a nice fellow to be with." He was good at hockey, good at English, rugby, good at swimming, pretty good at tennis, pretty good at paddling a canoe. He was a good trader of postage stamps, a good lover of Duke Ellington and, by the time he was 13 or 14, he was already a good guy to play cards with at a summer cottage. He preferred his friends to pay their poker debts. Bob Stanfield was "a fine, good, solid kid," and that's all.

Nobody recalls much more about him. Our fellow does remember that he and Bob and some other guys used to sneak out at night and silently push a neighbor's car down the street. Then, they'd turn on the engine and go for clandestine joy rides, and those rides were the closest Bob ever came to a life of crime. They do not prove much, except that once, in a large-

ten town, people left their cars out all night with the keys in the ignition.

Another guy remembers that Bob Stanfield, even as a boy, was "an awful snicker for the trade. With Bob, everything had to be straight and right." He occasion he also had a hot temper, but, among the Stanfields, there was nothing unusual in that. "You know," recalls a man who was once their neighbor, "you'd walk past their house at the dinner hour and, my God, you could hear them fighting all the way out on the street, and Bob's voice right in there with the rest of them. . . . I've seen him put a couple of real good boys" on Felix too."

Bob was the third of five sons (he has a sister now as well). The first two were destined to take over the family business and he apparently sensed at an early age that if he were going to excel, he would have to do it in ways his brothers had not considered. He became the town's most distinguished bookworm in short pants. His family called him The Professor, and an old school teacher recalls that by the time Bob reached grade nine he already had so firm a grasp of political history that his teachers, well-kidding, would say, "There goes the next Prime Minister of Canada." (The old teacher is a Tory.) He was studious, quiet, but not shy. Over-pressed. Every brother should have one.

A housewife who was born in Trent, and now finds herself drifting down to her sister in southern Ontario, recalls that she had "a terrific crush" on Bob and, not only that, so did "half the other girls in the school." He had dark hair and sensitive eyes. A Stanfield-watcher, of whom there are many in Trent, says Bob was "perhaps the most considerable of the lot." He was not the sort who puts paydirt in trousers. He was athletic, brilliant, thoughtful. And rich. Every little girl should have one, too.

The Stanfields were rich but they were also careful. They did not blow their money on trips to Europe. In the summer of his earlier boyhood, Bob's family would leave the houses in Trent and go to live in a plain old farmhouse on a hill outside town. The place had an outhouse, and a walk-in phone with a crank. There was no running water, no electricity, and nothing much for small boys to do but sleep the break, trim the trees, pick wild berries, fetch the milk from the rest farm further down the hill, and pretend to help the farmer with his chores.

If the farmhouse was good enough for Bob's father, it was good enough

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STANFIELD continues

for anyone. "There was no tale to Frank Stanfield," recalls one old Tory. "There was never a Stanfield yet that was a myth. That was their secret in politics. They were all so damn natural the people had to love for them."

THE FATHER

The Liberator - Governor of Nova Scotia, the Honorable Frank Stanfield, died in his sleep in a black and white hour of Friday, September 25, 1931, and thereby started not only his immediate loved ones (including his fourth child, Bob, 77) but also virtually everyone else who called the little province home. His death was not appropriate. "I'm just beginning to live, my lad," he'd said a newspaperman only a few days before he stepped living. He was only 59. He'd been King George V's official representative in Nova Scotia for less than a year. He died of a heart attack in the big bed at Government House, which was (and still is) right downtown in Halifax and, a funny thing, he'd been home in Toronto only the day before, only a few hours before, and if you'd run into him then, if you'd seen him striding along under the great stars of Prince Street the way he always used to — with a bouquet of late-winter roses twirling in his right hand — well, the last thing that would ever have crossed your mind would have been the death of Frank Stanfield. He looked that well. That night, the Thursday night, he caught an evening train back to Halifax, a city which Toronto people have had various good reasons to distrust for more than 200 years.

Frank Stanfield was tall and his shoulders were square. He had a rugged sort of physical grace. His cheekbones were high, and the long slope of his cheeks drew down the corners of his mouth in that broad and unvoluntary expression of laughter that's so familiar in the face of Bob Stanfield. His face was heavier than Bob's is now and, at the time of his death, he had a rich crop of white hair. Newspaper columnists described his features as "aquiline." They said, too, that "he never asked for advice, he gave it and, if he were in a position of authority, insisted that his opinion be followed."

Frank Stanfield was strong, that was why his death seemed so incorrect. Everyone said he was strong. Strong-minded. There are a lot of old men in Toronto who remember him yet, 41 years later, and they're still saying he was strong. "Well, yes, Frank

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Stanfield could be hellish compatriot at times," recalls a man in his eighties. "Yes, he could be stupid. He could swear. God save us, it didn't matter what he'd come out with the dramatic things, and whenever he told you, you did?" Yes. Well then, no, would you say that Robert Stanfield's father was a domineering man? "I would not say, sir, that he was an unduly domineering man."

Charles Stanfield, 61, Bob's elder brother, simply admits that "Did it always know where he was going, and went that way." It was Frank, with his brother Aubrey, who turned his father's lazing still into an immensely successful and world-famous underwear empire. That was shortly after the turn of the century. Today, Charles is vice-president of the empire (his nephew Thomas is president) and, on a wall in his large, brown, plainly furnished office on the second floor of the mill, there's a solemn group photograph. It was taken more than half a century ago when Charles was a little boy and Bob was scarcely more than a tot, and it shows The Men Behind Stanfield's Unforgettable Underwear. They're in their Sunday best and they clearly know where they are going, and intend to go that way.

Frances Wilcox, a retired post-

man who went to work for the Stanfield trust company in Truro some time before Lincolnton blew the Atlantic, says that Frank Stanfield was "rather what you would call a smart man. He ran the show, there was no doubt about that. We all called him 'The Governor.' I remember him put money up for his employees, and he'd sign them him self. One said, 'Don't guess. Thank And Know.' He was a real individual. I guess you'd call him. He was a fellow who just did things as he chose to."

The Governor was a mediocre writer, his sons were mediocre writers and, clearly, oratory is not everything in life. Nor even in politics. Frank Stanfield disliked making speeches and he periodically choked making speeches about Frank Stanfield. He would not talk to the press about himself ("It's more intimate tactics and adventures," a Halifax newspaper observed, "was kept to himself") and, in this respect, he was very much like his own father, Charles, who so loathed personal publicity that he refused even to be photographed. These are away requests in which Charles, if he were alive in 1972, might recognize his grandson Bob. And Frank Stanfield would share the fatherly interest affairs aside the busy hand

of the middle-aged man he had seen as a teen-aged boy during the deep Depression in the last summer of '34. Every son, whether he likes it or not, is a ship off the old block.

THE MOTHER

Life around the Stanfield house during Bob's childhood was not so solemn and dark as descriptions of The Governor might suggest. Father definitely let everyone know that he knew best, but he was not entirely an oppressor. And although it was an old Stanfield style to throw expensive parties for adults, there were often a lot of neighborhood kids hanging around the place.

The house itself, which stood on the site of what is now Kaddy's Motor Inn (the Stanfields' wrought iron fence still sits across the front of the property), was one of the biggest wooden mansions in Truro, but it was not an extravagant display of the wealth that everyone in town knew the Stanfields to possess. It had a circular driveway out front, a fourth-story turret, a lot of gingerbread embroidery, and a lot of dark woodwork. It also had maintained lawns, both flower beds, one of the biggest granite basins in town, a stack of classical music on records, and a tennis court that doubled as a hockey rink in winter. The Stanfield house had one other conspicuous advantage over other homes. Her name was Sarah Eliza Thomas Stanfield. The Governor's wife.

Mrs. Stanfield was born in Truro of Welsh and Irish descent. She was not a famous beauty but her photographs indicate she was far from homely and, more important, that she was a woman of remarkable warmth. She knew how to put people at ease. She was highly aware politically and, as Senator Fred Blais of Truro says, such women may be the "great influence on any man's political future. I think she had a great many of the attributes of Bob's present wife."

"What a lovely and gracious woman she was," says an ancient Tory. She was, says the former prime minister of Nova Scotia, G. B. Smith, a delightful charming lady, a very, very nice delightful person. She was, says the Stanfield's retired chauffeur Aubrey Borden, a lovely woman, a wonderful person. You could sit right down at a table with her, and talk about your troubles and, Borden says, "I can't ever remember meeting another woman of her standard." She was, says her son Charles, "a little bit of a thing" but the name, the books, the reading pro-

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STANFIELD continued

grams for the children, the color and lightness of life in the house on Prince Street were all due to her gentle and powerful influence.

The Stanfields were loyal adherents and devout beneficiaries at St. John's Church, the first Anglican church built of stone in all of Nova Scotia, but Mrs. Stanfield had broader Christian interests as well. On assorted missions to help the poor, Senator Stanfield was pleased "to be allowed to go into" the great money to Zion Baptist Church, the black congregation to which her childhood adhered, and gave money to good causes and charitable individuals, she was up to her concerned ears in Red Cross and Salvation Army work, she backed various politicians with hard cash, and, along with her husband, she had the touch of "money calling." The Stanfields, despite their arduousness on a platform, were beautifully comfortable while standing in someone's doorway and, on many a golden Sunday afternoon, Mr. and Mrs. Stanfield would be miles away from town, up in the hills, paying their own respect to families they had seen for a while.

People in the Twenties seldom thought of women as politicians but, in the years in which Bob Stanfield was growing up graciously in Truro, his mother may just have been the finest natural politician in Colchester County. She's been dead for nearly a decade but, even now, you can't find even a Girl who'll bad-mouth Sarah Emma Thomas Stanfield.

THE NAME

The Stanfields are all Tories and, therefore, any good Girl will tell you that they're a bunch of cheap states who sit on their wealth and never do a damn thing for the town that's helped lose their pockets. Any good Tory, on the other hand, will tell you that the Stanfields are too useless to erect public edifices in honor of themselves but that every last one of them has performed hundreds of secret good deeds for impoverished widows, destitute old men, starving children. The truth is that the Tories are partly right, which is one reason why the voters invariably reject even exceptionally gifted Girl candidates in favor of Stanfield men.

The Stanfields are secretive about their good deeds. One does not advertise that one is an easy mark, and flaunting one's wealth is not necessarily bad politics if it is something even worse. But because The wife of a Stanfield worker died suddenly in the

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STANFIELD continued

that threatened his power to choose the direction of his own life. As far back as his days as a train-agent conductor at a YMCA summer camp, there among the lore of the Moosemen, the youth of the species and the camaraderie of the cookout, young Bob Stanfield was trying to work out in words his own set of political beliefs.

Senator Blinn remembers, "There was a time — it was after he finished Harvard, I think — some of us just wondered what his politics were going to be. He didn't seem to have any inclinations. He'd got a group of young people together, all over Nova Scotia, just to meet and talk politics. He said he was going to study the politics of everyone, the Conservatives, the Lib-

erals, the CCF." How very strange. The CCF? Study their politics? For other Stanfields, it was enough to know that CCF stood for Canada's Freedom.

Senator Blinn — who has worked for the Tories in every election, federal and provincial, since 1911 — is pleased to remember that Bob Stanfield did finally decide that "The Conservative Party was the only one he could support." Bob was well over 30 before he allowed the Conservative Party into his heart. He was living in Halifax by then. Years before, he had decided that whatever his future might be, it did not lie in the new Haven and the new curbs of Toronto, Nova Scotia. ■

K. C. IRVING from page 27

Canadians think of New Brunswick as poor, either it is rich in resources, underdeveloped industrially, or riddled with mounting unemployment, and chronically laid up. It is not an apt cultural portrait. It is and has always been cash-crop country: wood, fish and potatoes. But the biggest cash crop is timber. The lumber barons and the merchant princes, often the same people, once controlled entire districts. They ran the general stores, controlled supplies, held the mortgages, dominated local politics.

These merchant families held private power and handed their kids down from generation to generation. Such families as the Millers at Campbellton, the Pines at Grand Falls, the Kents at Bathurst, the O'Learys at Richford, the Tarts at Shediac and the Madans of Charlottetown — they once "ruined" New Brunswick and did much as they pleased. A benevo-

lent feudalism, but feudalism more often. Most of these merchant families have seen their power disappear. But not the Irving K. C. Irving started in the 1920s, when the promise of decency was already sticking the dynamite, but he became the last and most splendid of his line. He is, in a sense, the supreme Canadian entrepreneur of this century, a ferociously rich, strong, spiteful maverick.

He started financially almost from scratch. His father was a Baccaroche merchant, patronus, well-to-do, but not wealthy. There were some timber concessions in the family, but nothing obvious to start an empire with. After World War I, when Irving came back from the Royal Flying Corps, he took a job at his father's store, and left that to begin selling Ford Model T's. He soon realized, however, that the demand for cars and gas was a lot steeper than the demand for the merchandise that used them, and got hold of an Imperial Oil agency for Kew Beach, Canada.



In 1924, he had a disagreement with Imperial — Imperial said he wouldn't talk about it, and neither, of course, will Irving — and, with a \$2,000 bank loan, set up his own oil marketing business. He had a Model T modified into a truck, and drove around the Baccaroche area with drums of oil, selling to the fishery, farming and woods people.

And from there he just expanded, inexorably. He built his own stations, started a construction company to put them up, went into the transportation business, bought into the lumber business in the Depression. The expansion of the empire took on a momentum, a kind of mathematical progression, as winter plants environmental during World War II building Monarchs

continued on page 82

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TELEVISION

BY
HEATHER ROBERTSON

We are pure. Our virgins sing folk songs with pearly teeth. Our twenty-braided play hockies. The sexual reformers sit about dispensing an ecology, the American take-over and urban blight. Canadian TV is stoic, it tries to show us not who we are but who we ought to be. There's not much sex on TV.

Sex, in the postwar language of television exonerates, means obscenity. We can't put obscenity on the air, they say, because it's breaking the law. If you point to current books, magazines and movies, there is a second argument on which they fall back triumphantly. We can't have sex on television because children snap the watching. After a lot of shouting, they may agree to show a documentary about abortion or homosexuality late at night, but technical reasons are usually feared why the film cannot be shown at all.

I was in Moose Jaw on a Sunday afternoon watching Paul Newman with his shirt off in *A Long Hot Summer* when the whole system of moral censorship and segregation became clear. It was a long hot movie, the language raw and the last so heavy you could knock it — a good show and the musician thing I'd seen on TV since I was 13 screaming at 23m. I decided I should watch more afternoon TV. I was right. As *Gardner* would say — Moose!

Afternoon television is a little garden of delights, dreamlike half-wonderful hours (with cable) of erotic fantasies starting with *As The World Turns* through *Guiding Light*, *Bright Promise*, *General Hospital*. The Doctor sits on his sofa, *Doctor*! The atmosphere is quiet, desperate but sure. It is just for murdering Marsha who was having an affair with Sam's lover John who is married to Audrey who is devoted from hell still in love with David who is making love to Marsha's daughter Jacki who is secretly pregnant by Jim who has a wife by the name of Elaine. The men are all cool and handsome, the women beautiful, whose and frequently pregnant — there are lots of passionate embraces in dark corners. Emotional tension is near hysteria, sex is an obsession.

Suspense opera is an extraordinarily new art — pornography for women. The purpose of these shows is simply to suggest sexual tension to us. They are not about sex. They are about sex plot — such woman invents her own. Doctors are particularly strong in female power. There is an aura of blood and pain about them, women are vulnerable, helpless in their hands. It's not De Sade, but it's close. Doctor and patient are always in love, a passion triggered by an admission of lack, weakness and hurt. Doctors like *Madred Center* and *Life House* have been expurgated for the evening audience but in the same masochistic fantasy that drives women to them — a strong editor of death and suffering, a delicious shiver down

the spine. The long passes are a coloring book for you to fill in. Soap opera, like all pornography, never ends. Each episode triggers infinite speculations and that most exquisite of all feminine sexual pleasures, anticipation.

The action is a sex fight in a woman's universe — the house, the car, the workplace of her life and complex wiles, are victims or rewards. In two current serials, women are on trial for murdering other women, usually the warlike is victim and waged through gossip, slander, lies, romance and all the other weapons women are good at. The women are cruel, clever and predatory — a race of Amazons and witches. This suggests another powerful sexual fantasy at work — women seeing themselves in sensual, brutal, managulative, in control. Usually they are older, rich and tough — black widow spiders or white goddesses — depending on what kind of woman you'd secretly like to be. The CBC has kindly made this whole process explicit in *Paul Bennett*, *Prochnow*, a half-hour of *Excuse My French* based on real case histories supplied by the Canadian Mental Health Association.

For women who find this stuff a bit strong, ABC provides lighter ballistics with *The Dating Game* and *The Newlywed Game*. They both suggest a lot, like little boys in the bathroom. The girls for *Dating Game* pose like this: "A lovely young man takes her pick of five eager young bachelors! They are ready to reveal their most intimate fears and feelings!" All the questions have a double meaning: a clean one and a dirty one. The contestants usually think of both, the trick is to be as suggestive as possible without being thrown off the show. The viewer can be in trouble in imagination and situation permit. You could call it adult open-the-bottle. The lucky winners get a fun-filled weekend for two in a fabulous resort. *Chaperone*, of course.

On *The Newlywed Game*, questions like "What do you want your wife to give you that she hasn't given you enough of lately?" are drowned in pools of filth and gizzes from the contestants. "What is your husband doing when he's most vulnerable?" How bad! Answer: "Taking a shower!" Hee! The answers are really out of control and clever and hilarious. It's television for amateur voyeurs, especially dirty old men. The big moment comes when the grand prize is announced — a refrigerator! — and the couples couple fall into each other's arms.

Refrigerators as sex symbols began as in *Let's Make A Deal*, an incredible orgy where men are replaced by blenders, toasters, sofas and electric brooms. These objects are virtually raped on stage by a horde of aroused housewives. The response is raw, greed and longing and joy just hanging out there for everybody to see. It's one of TV's most powerful shows.

Why are these shows on TV? Because the children aren't watching. There's nobody here but us women, alone, in the twilight, on a very private and seductive trip. We feel a little guilty, so we don't tell anybody about it.

In fact, I'm being enjoyed writing about the soap opera. They're a well-kept secret. The afternoon ghetto is, after all, only "women's programs" and therefore ignored. Maybe some vulgar material will decide they should be taken off the air. Can't have a lot of wild women wandering around in the afternoon. Too bad. I'd miss you, dearer. ■

Heather Robertson is a Winnipeg free-lance writer and broadcaster.

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NOTE: The above figures are guidelines only as a basis on which to help determine the general vehicle need. Exact specifications and structural equipment recommendations for engine, chassis, axle, alternator, springs, tires and towing capability are available from your Ford or Mercury Dealer.

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BOOKS

BY DONALD CAMERON

In 1946, Cammer, Ontario, sported two lawyers and a doctor, a tailor, a printer, a sawmill, a red world, a carding machine and cloth laundry, three stores, two taverns, a brace of shoemakers and a pulp factory.

Well, since we have paths somewhere there must be paths forerunners. But I might never have known of the one in Gloucestershire, where *The Canadian Gazetteer*, originally published at 10 shillings and now at \$1.95 as a Colton Canadian Collocation facsimile, complete with artistically aged paper. With 41 titles out and "rapid expansion" planned, the collection is a delight.

What honor, for instance, would willingly do without the *Canadian House Cook Book of 1877*, "compiled by ladies of Toronto and chief cities and towns of Canada," which contains chapters on Table Talk, Dinner Etiquette and Our Season's Openers of a Kitchen? You'll be able to make fish paste (for company) and Grandmother's Sauce for everything, so no nation's dishes ranging from gas chudding and spiced ginger beer to Mrs. C. D. Howard's pickled peaches.

In P. H. Goslin's *The Canadian Naturalist* (1840) a father invites his son to "make excursions in forest or in field, to watch the progress of Nature through the changing seasons, to mark the half-hidden but important phenomena that occur, and to trace the guiding and sustaining hand of God, who 'travels over all.'" To which the amiable son replies: "Five things would give me greater pleasure": "Well, domesticity is not but Gene is a devoted observer, and we take our walks after all, through the cane country, however different our sons. Would Gene ever have written if his son had said: 'Lulu, Dad, the nature thing got out the spiky red head's into' and let the wealth of his electric brain?"

These facsimiles are exact copies, instead of introductions, all original errors intact. Did *Leahy's The Rebel Chief* (1885) really start the rebellion over a woman? But who was Hugh Gray, author of *Letters From Canada* (1809)? Colin can't tell. Presumably that keeps going down, but I forget the books drift off, as though in each's head.

The collection abounds in personal narratives of exploits and adventures. My own choice is George M. Grant's *Gravel To Ocean* (1875): the diary of an overland trip with Stanford Fleming by the heavy, worldly minister of St. Matthews, Halifax, later principal of Queen's University. Cheerful and observant, Grant is full of revealing anecdotes, but his passionate, rampant feeling for the land dominates his book. Looking back, he evokes the whole terrain of his five-voyaged nation in a single overstrained, linking sentence: one of the handful of men who had seen it all, from "the sea penures and outfields of Nova Scotia" to the "deep gorges filled with mighty timber and rivers whose secret depths

are gold beds, and channels choked with fish" of the Pacific coast: "Over all this we had traveled," he concludes, "and it was all our own."

Read by the Pacific, living by the Atlantic, I know the feeling. The shrewd, honest George Grant is truly our ancestor, a more comfortable and more admirable figure today than Cromwell or Napoleon.

The Watched Of Canada edited by Michael Bliss and Linda Grayson (University of Toronto Press, \$3.95 paper, \$12.50 cloth). The post takes on its most eloquent form when the people who have lived it tell their own stories. This is an unusual book of history which brings back the hopes and fears of hungry, penniless Canadians during the Great Depression. The food hope that the leader of the country would personally come to their rescue led thousands of Canadians to protest their last their work on porridge to mail significant personal appeals to Tory Prime Minister R. B. Bennett. Two University of Toronto historians have collected 168 of these tragic letters in which Canadians pulled out all the old virtues, including honesty and the desire to work hard. However, in a time of world economic crisis the old charms simply failed to work. "Perhaps," the editors write in their fine introduction, "the Canadian people as a whole had too much discipline, too much individualism, too much 19th-century grit, or too little political sophistication to fight back in radical protest against a whole economic and social system." *The Watched Of Canada* is the first volume in *Social History of Canada*, a series of 7 Press projects that are redrawing long-run-of-press Canadian books. —DAVID FRANK



Louis Riel

photographs fill this gap in our history, though detailed studies of many of the episodes remain to be written. —C.R.

A History Of Canada's Wealth by Gustavus Myers (James, Lewis and Sargent, \$2.95 paper, \$7.95 cloth). In this 1914 book, never before published in Canada, an American researcher by the name of Gustavus Myers tried to answer the question "Who owns Canada?" He divided the land giveaways, the mining and lumber concessions, the railway deals, the graft and corruption, which helped found some of the fortunes of Canada's first families. —C.R.

The Furthest Captives by Michael Zisrael. Wars and missions always kill more in the name of ideology, destroying their bodies for the sake of their souls. This book, made even more relevant by its pristine style, is about the struggle of the Creebs and Skowas to free themselves from the brutality of the Germans during the Second World War. An unseen but evocative mixture of fact and fiction, it's the work of an ex-paratrooper who lives in Toronto. Obtainable from the author at 24 Westmore Drive, Toronto 15. —P.C. ■

Don Cameron teaches English at the University of New Brunswick.

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